THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 25, 1882. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 32.

ARBUTUS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter east their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell
Amid dry moss and dead leaves at my feet,
The trailing spring flower, tinted like a shell:

And bending o'er it not irreverent
I thought of lives thus lowly clogged and pent,
Which yet found room,
Through daily cumberings of deep decay and death,
To give to Heaven the sweetness of their breath,
And to earth the beauty of their bloom.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

BY ELTON ELSMORE

CHAPTER I.

RAT-TAT! "Hum—ma—" Rat-tat-t! "Yes, my lord—'m"—rat-tat—"the Court"—rat-tat-t-t—"order! Oh, my brief!" —rat-tat-tat-tat-t-t-t-t!

"Confound that postman! what does he think I went to the expense of that blessed box for? Oh—yaw-w-w"—rat-tat-tat-t-t!

"I won't go then. Disturbing the pleasantest dream I ever had in my life—seeing and hearing myself in full court pleading with a real brief. Heigho! shall I ever have one in my waking hours, I wonder?" Rat-tat—rat-tat!

"The deuce take that infernal postman! Is he blind? And what an hour to expect any one to be in chambers! I won't go. It can't be a letter from Mary at this time of night. Dear Mary, if my dream——"

Rat-tat-tat-t-t-t—rat-tat!

"By Jove, I can't stand this! Why, the fire's clean out, and where are the matches I wonder? There!"—rat-tat-t—"there goes that tiresome creature, Fellows' beer-bottles—down—smash!—and I shall have to pay for beer and bottles both.

"I wish he'd keep away. Oh, Mary, what would you say if you could see that mess, and scent the stale tobacco perfume of the rooms your dainty fingers ornamented?"

At this point of my somewhat sentimental though also pathos-like soliloquy, I had succeeded in getting a light and finding my door, whence I hastened to the outer one, at which the rather low but persistent knocks were still continued untiringly.

Thoroughly aroused by the exertion to my usual London work-a-day self, namely, a briefless barrister, anxiously waiting for the period when either his talents should be called into play, and he got a brief and a wife together, or his small private means should be exhausted, and he and Mary reduced to despair, I drew myself up, smoothed my ruffled locks, strove to forget how much more probable my ruin than my success had seemed of late, tried to look hopeful, indifferent, or, better yet, desperately angry, as a busy, interrupted man should look, demanded, as I opened the door, "Who's there, and what do you want?" in a highly fierce and injured tone—at least, so evidently thought the attacker of my knocker, for instead of the gruff tones of my expected enemy, the postman, a deprecating, gentle voice pleaded, "Oh, please sir, don't be angry; I know I have disturbed you; but hear me, sir, please hear me, and help us—help us if you can!" and the opened door disclosed to my bewildered gaze a young woman's slight form. She was so closely muffled that I could not see her face, but her trembling voice and shivering figure betrayed her emotion, independently of the clasped hands raised so imploringly towards me as her speech ended. I stood astounded, embarrassed, doubting what to do or say.

Here was I, Ralph Humphry, aged twenty-nine years and six months, standing all alone in my chambers—nay, I believe at that hour of the night (it was nearly eleven) I was about the only human soul in the whole court and range of chambers, and just before me, inside my door—for, fearful of my anger as she seemed, she had resolutely entered as soon as it was opened without waiting an invitation—stood a young, and, as the raised veil now disclosed a pretty girl, for very pretty she was, in spite of cheeks pale as death, and eyes red and swollen with weeping. Yes, there she stood, looking imploringly at me, and invoking my help earnestly, pathetically—what the deuce for? What should I answer? what did she want? what would Mary say? Imposter she was not—no, I was sure of that; a client she could not be.

What did she take me for? what could I say? For the life of me I couldn't answer that impassioned appeal by a cool, matter-of-fact, "What is it you want?" so I stood thinking all the above, and staring like a fool, I believe, for about a minute, when she spoke again.

"Save him, sir—oh, save him! he never did it, indeed he never did.

"Oh, won't you try and save him? I know you could; I feel it, I feel it here," she said, pressing her hand on her heart. "Oh, sir, you won't say no, like the rest of them, for I know you are too kind—too good; you will plead for him, and save him from—from—oh, William—my William!—and that—that—dreadful—dreadful death!"

The last words were scarcely audible, but a light had broken in on me. My dream—was it coming true? and in what an extraordinary manner.

But this only glanced through my mind. I crushed that thought down with all its accompanying images, collected my ideas, summoned all my senses, and became a rational man again.

First, I brought the poor girl into my room made her sit down and drink a glass of wine, luckily I had one bottle left of my godfather's Christmas present, and then, when she was a little more composed, I asked her to tell me how I could help her.

"By pleading for William, sir," she replied; "you are a barrister, a great man, and if you would plead for him, and tell them he is not guilty, only——" She hesitated, seemed struggling to gather all her resolution, and then flushing a little, added hurriedly, as though the words cost her so much that she must get them out then, or not at all, "Only we are so poor, we cannot pay as others can and as you ought to be paid."

Alas! for my dream—my brief was a golden one there! She paused for a reply as it seemed.

Her quivering lips and eager eyes asked the questions her voice failed to utter. What should I do? If I pleaded, the die would be cast forever, all gained for nothing, or lost, and for nothing also; no, I could not do it; I raised my eyes again to her face. Somehow, Mary's face seemed there too, but not with approval of my decision written on it; her eyes and the girl's both looked the same look, so I hastily said, "My poor girl, before I pledge myself to take up this case you must tell me explicitly all the circumstances; first, who it William?" I asked, and I smiled.

She gave no answering smile, only looked at me more imploringly, and not the faintest color tinged her pale cheek as she promptly replied, "He is my lover, sir, and would have been my husband this Summer, if—if this dreadful thing had not happened.

"He is in prison, charged with——' her very lips grew pale, and she quivered all over convulsively, before she added distinctly, but very, very low, "the murder of his employer: but he did not do it, he did not do it, sir, indeed!"

How eagerly, and with what a different, passionate tone were those last words uttered!

I was startled and shocked also, but nevertheless managed to say, calmly, "Tell me his other name and that of his employer, then I can find the account here," and I fetched my list of criminal cases of the past year.

"Bertram is William's other name, and his employer was Mr. Levingstone," she replied, and she looked relieved, as I expected, at being released from detailing any more of the particulars fraught with so much horror and misery to herself.

I remembered the names and case well, and that not a doubt had rested in my mind of the accused's guilt, as I skimmed over the facts attested at the inquest.

However, I now read it over more carefully, but still with the same result. Not a loophole of escape for William Bertram appeared in all that conclusive evidence. I pored long over the case as an excuse for my own reflections. At last I looked up to meet those same earnest, wistful eyes.

"Yes, I know, I know it all," she said, before I could speak, "and how it reads. It is burnt in upon my heart as with a red-hot iron, and he says so too.

"But for all of that, he is not guilty. Oh, sir, won't you believe it?—he is not, indeed guilty.

"Has an innocent man never been punished for a crime he was not guilty of?" she added simply and eagerly, not as if attesting a fact but seeking information.

"Surely," I replied; "I am sorry to say, more than one or two."

"I knew it, I knew it! Oh, Heavenly Father, help us!" she cried; "it seems very hard, but even if they do kill him, it won't make him guilty for all that; but they won't—they shan't—you will plead for him, you will help us, and clear him and his name, won't you, sir—dear sir?"

"My poor girl," said I, "I fear there is little chance, the evidence seems so clear, so convincing; even with the best counsel in the land, I should fear the result would not answer your hopes."

I spoke slowly, hating the necessity for the words I spoke, yet unable to speak any other.

She started up, a fire in her eyes, a bright color on her cheek, and, advancing towards me, she laid one hand lightly on my arm and looked steadfastly in my face.

"No need to choose your words," she said.

"I know you too believe him guilty. If not, you would struggle to the last, even with no hope at all, ere an innocent man should be sent to an early grave with such black, terrible infamy on his name as that.

"Now, listen. When William was first taken I flew to him; I knew he would want me, and—he would not see me. For a whole long month I went and waited patiently every day, and yet he would not see me; and then—once—when nearly mad I think with grief, and longing, and desperate despair—I, yes, even I, let myself think for one moment that he might be such a thing as you now believe him."

She paused. The remembrance of this, the one moment in her life, when she was, as she considered, guilty of want of faith in her lover, overpowered her with shame—shame never felt for a moment when speaking of her lover himself, or her love and devotion to him.

Oh depth and truth of woman's love! Had Jessie Ward's lover been as he was in the days of prosperity, her cheeks would have dyed crimson at the mere thought of speaking what she was about to tell me.

Now, once recovered from the memory of that moment's falseness to her trust in her lover, they remained purely marble as ever though she proceeded to address me.

"It was only for a moment," she said, "and after that I went straight into the prison with the turnkey.

"He is a good sort of man, and he opened the door, and I went in without leave, and went and knelt down before William, and put my hands upon his knees.

"He was sitting on his chair, with his poor worn face hid in his hands, and he did not know but it was the turnkey till he felt my hands upon his knees, and then—now mark Mr. Humphry—then he jumped up, and he took hold of me as he used to, but he did not kiss me, he held me away from him and looked into my eyes with a sad, asking, yet stern look for a full minute.

"Then he folded me in his arms, and said, 'Thank God, Jessie knows better than to believe it!' and then my heart bounded and I clung to him.

"I knew he was my own William still, whatever might happen.

"Now say, could he have looked me in the face and pressed me to his heart, just as he did in the old happy times, if murder had written a black secret there?"

She waited, calmly, triumphantly, for my reply. Heaven knows, I may have been only a weak fool when I thought myself a judge of human nature; perhaps she had inspired me with her own enthusiastic trust.

Whatever it was, my eyes felt dim as they still looked into hers, and my voice sounded strangely husky as I simply answered as I thought—"No."

Then she told me how she had tried to persuade William to have counsel; how he had always refused, saying he had not enough money, and that it might be that God would prove the truth in His own way, sooner or later, for he was innocent; if not, he was content to die now, since she was true to him still; how she had at last succeeded in arousing something of his old spirit, which sudden sorrow and trouble had so stunned and crushed out, and had at last won his consent to try and get good counsel for him; how she had been to some, and they had not time to listen to anything not coming through a solicitor in the regular way—whatever that meant she did not know; to others, and they had listened till she spoke of poverty, and then had grown grave and stern, and said they could do nothing—it was too clear a case; then came the wistful look at me again, the question of life or death, silently asked.

I did not hesitate this time. She had also told me how she and William had been playfellows in childhood, betrothed in very early youth; lost their parents both; both worked earnestly, hopefully, with the prospect of marriage in the future as their reward.

I thought of Mary once, and of her youth then pledged myself to act as counsel for William Bertram, standing accused of "wilful murder" with aggravating circumstances!

Her thanks were few, more looked than spoken, and after I had gained from her as many particulars as I could connected with her lover, and of the commission of the crime of which he was accused, I asked what had induced her to come to me, as yet an unknown man on circuit, and why she had said she knew I was kind and clever.

She half smiled, the first look of the sort I had seen on that woe-stamped face, as she replied, "I have heard Mr. Fellows talk to Mrs. Granton about you very often, sir, and tell her what talents he was sure you possessed, and what a pleader you would be when you came to be well known."

Poor Fellows! he is more of a true friend, then, with all his beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking propensities, than many a more refined Pylades.

I won't feel ashamed of him the next time he hitches himself on to me in the Temple walk—at least, I won't if he has not that blackguard coat on and the clay pipe in his mouth.

"Well," said I, "my cleverness is only a possible hidden treasure as yet, you see,

Does my kindness rest on equally speculative grounds?"

"Oh I know you are kind, sir," she replied, "for a long time ago we saw you stop to help a little girl pick up her basket of dropped apples, though you were in a great hurry, for you ran so fast into these rooms as soon as you had done, and William — he was walking with me then, sir—said he was sure you must be a very kind-hearted man to hinder all your law business to help a little girl like that.

"It was the thought of that day made me bold to come here to-night, when I knew you were at home and alone, and rap till you let me in. I knew you would come at last."

"So my reputation is rising and spreading," though I, "if only in a homely way. The old saying, 'Every one knows Tomfool,' &c. I must tell Mary of this. She will ride the old hobby, 'Kindly acts, however small, always bring good results to the actor,'—no end—ay, to the very death — on the strength of it."

When my singular client and I were about to part with the understanding that I was to have an interview with William on the morrow as early as possible, for time was short and work plenty, she hesitatingly placed before me a small purse, and blushingly said, "If you would not mind its being so very little, sir.

"It is all I have—what I have been saving up to help furnish our rooms with; but William has more, and you will have that, too, as soon as he can get it, and whatever I can earn beside, if you will not mind its being so very little. Please, sir, take it."

"Keep it, at any rate till I have earned it, Miss Ward," I said, gently forcing back the purse into her reluctant hands. "Let us wait for the result of my exertions ere I claim their reward."

As it was then nearly one o'clock and the poor little nursery governess—for such she was — had two miles to walk to Mrs. Granton's I put on my hat, and escorted her safely there.

Her extreme gratitude was much more than the act deserved, for the walk through the still night under the bright stars and blue sky in the comparatively quiet streets was refreshing.

It helped me to gather my thoughts about me, and concentrate them on the weighty business which had so suddenly been thrust into my idle hands.

The life or death — the good name or ignominy—of a fellow-creature; that poor, pale girl; and the trial—the pleading, and—why, Mary will read it all! Ay, do your best, Ralph Humphry!

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Ralph Humphry returned home he set himself to study once more with intense care every circumstance every syllable connected with the committal of William Bertram for wilful murder. Now, when such a new light shone upon the case, when the accused was changed in his imagination from an ungrateful, cold-blooded villain into a wrongly condemned, suffering martyr, surely he would be able to find some loophole of escape, some all-but invisible link, which he had hitherto overlooked, in the missing chain of evidence —and what personal interest he had in finding it now!

His name would come prominently before the public for the first time—come, too, in such a manner as to render the public exceedingly alive to his every word and action, for he would suddenly come forward to prove innocent a man of whose guilt there had hitherto arisen not one doubt in the public mind.

Ralph's reputation for talent, his success in life, all were at stake—risked imprudently, perhaps, but still irretrievably risked on this hopeless case, which he had pledged himself to conduct.

Surely, surely then, with intellect sharpened, attention brightened by these thoughts he must find some clue to a discovery, some little foundation, on which to begin the arduous work of overturning the verdict of the coroner's jury, the apparent conviction of every attendant on the inquest.

Eagerly the young barrister scanned the paper he held, weighed over and over again every word there recorded, but in vain; and when at length, with a long-drawn sigh and knitted brow, he laid the paper down, he wondered at himself to find that such clear proof of circumstance, absolutely necessitating guilt as it seemed, had not in the slightest shaken the newly-felt conviction impressed on his mind by Jessie Ward, that, in spite of all the evidence, all the suspicious circumstances, Bertram was still an innocent man.

The facts of the case as proved on the inquest were these:—

Mr. Levingstone was a hale, strong, middle-aged man, the head of a London mercantile house, which, though not very large, did a great deal of business in a quiet way, and put a good deal of money into the pockets of its owners, who were Mr. Levingstone himself, the chief and only active partner in the business, his younger brother, who spent most of his time abroad, and a Mr. Ricarbo, a sleeping partner, whose name only appeared in the conveniently obscure monosyllable contraction "Co.," which followed the "Levingstone Brothers" that designated the firm in the minds of the mercantile world.

William Bertram had been taken into the house by Mr. Levingstone as junior clerk when almost too young even for that post, out of compassion for the friendless, orphaned condition of the boy, whose widowed mother, and her last illness, he had often heard spoken of while staying at the clergyman's of the country parish where William was born.

He had proved himself, young as he was, well qualified for the post bestowed on him, and steadily though gradually advanced in accurate knowledge of his duties and strict fulfilment of them, till he rose at the end of a few years to be head clerk and confidential man, enjoying the perfect trust and even friendship of his employer, who had treated him latterly more as a friend and partner than a mere servant of the house.

Mr. Levingstone lived at Richmond, but having neither wife nor family, he had also a couple of rooms fitted up at his office in the city, which he often occupied when business or social engagements detained him late in town.

No one else lived in this house. The place was kept in order by an old woman who lived in a court hard by, and, except during working hours, when the troop of clerks and porters made it life-like and stirring enough, the old rambling city house was as desolate and gloomy a dormitory as man could well find.

But Mr. Levingstone never seemed to feel it so; he was a sensible, quiet, rather reserved, kind-hearted man, contented with very simple accommodation, and never happier than when deep in the most business-like and busy details of his occupation.

After being up half the previous night he was often found by his clerks already seated at his desk, and writing indefatigably, when they arrived early to their own day's work.

It was after young Bertram had held his new appointment nearly a year, when his unfortunate employer occupied for the last time his favorite bachelor quarters at the warehouse.

He had one or two dinner engagements, and remained for two or three nights in the city, being also particularly busy with the half-yearly examination of the books. One night he caught cold, and feeling slightly feverish sent for his doctor.

Singularly enough, though by no means a fanciful man, he was always nervous about his health; and but for his good fortune in having a sensible and honest M. D. for friend and physician, would have injured a very excellent constitution by constantly employed remedies for imaginary symptoms.

This time however, Mr. Cowper laughingly congratulated him on having what even he really allowed to be rather a bad cold, and assured him it would be prudent, though by no means absolutely necessary, to stay where he was for two days longer.

"Don't go out till Thursday," said the doctor; "if you do not, and take the medicine I will send, not the ghost of a cough or the shadow of fever will be left for you to nurse.

"It is a misfortune, isn't it?" he added smilingly, for he considered it wise as well as amusing to rally his friend on the one weak point—"true, nevertheless. I'll look in if I can on Wednesday evening, and see if I'm not a good prophet."

Wednesday came, and meanwhile the books had been nearly all examined. They were clear, accurate, and coincided exactly with Mr. Levingstone's private memoranda. He was pleased, praised Bertram, and said he had never found them so accurate before. They had come to the last account, and were deep in its contents, when Mr. Ricarbo's arrival banished the clerk from Mr. Levingstone's room.

The visit did not last long, as that gentleman, who rarely visited the premises, had merely called to inquire after his friend's health; but when he was gone the task was not resumed, since he had told Mr. Levingstone at parting that he thought he looked rather feverish, and recommended his leaving business for that day at least.

"I suppose I must take his advice, Bertram," said Mr. Levingstone.

"I do feel rather feverish, and we can easily finish that Dutch list to-morrow early, though I wanted very much to get through it now, as I told him, for that last five thousand pounds is not clearly made out yet, you know."

Bertram assented, and rather wistfully regarded, first his nearly settled ledger, and then his master, who looked, as Bertram thought, as well as ever he did in his long life.

However, Mr. Ricarbo probably knew best, and he withdrew once more, leaving Mr. Levingstone trying to read *Macaulay's History of England*, and probably more restless with his unfinished business than he would have been, had he gone through a dozen more accounts.

Ah! what indeed, but that old weakness, hypochondriac anxiety, could have induced Mr. Levingstone to delay business of any sort unnecessarily, even for an hour!

Bertram was fully occupied the remainder of the day, and did not have any more conversation with the merchant till towards evening, when, according to previous agreement, he repaired to the sitting room to join him at dinner.

The clerks had all left; the old woman, too, had taken herself off for the night, the doors were all secure; the coffee-house waiter had paid his last visit and clerk and master sat together over their wine before business was again alluded to.

Then, on Mr. Levingstone's once more referring to their day's occupation, Bertram ventured to ask some question about the Dutch affairs, and to submit a letter to his employer, which he thought it would be well to send without delay, as he had some suspicion that other sums which should have come from that quarter, and indeed were, according to their Dutch correspondent, already sent, had nevertheless not yet found their way into the banker's hands.

He did not trouble Mr. Levingstone with any details, nor mention the amount he believed would show deficient on the banker's books, as he did not wish to excite him, but merely submitted to him his own letter, and asked if it were not safest to despatch it at once.

The answer was, certainly; he had been quite right to think of it, and the missive had better be sent off immediately by that night's post.

"Enclose it to Mr. Ricarbo," said Mr. Levingstone; "he can read and forward it to his friend there; then it will get into the master's hands at once, and if anything is wrong among the underlings, it will be discovered.

"Would you mind taking it to the post yourself, Bertram, directly? only don't be long gone, because Mr. Cowper said he would come to see us to-night, and I don't want to go to the door myself to let him in."

William started with the letter. He had to post this, and do one more errand for Mr. Levingstone.

It took him altogether about a quarter of an hour; certainly not more than twenty minutes.

When he returned he found his master rather flushed—looking feverish, as Mr. Ricarbo had observed; however, he seemed very quiet, remarkably so indeed since he did not refer to the letter again, and he hardly uttered a word till Mr. Cowper arrived, which he did in about an hour afterwards.

The good doctor laughed and chatted, congratulated himself and his patient on the exact fulfilment of his prophesy as to his recovered health, pronounced him quite well, and left, after a long call, with the laughing injunction, "Don't forget your physic, Levingstone, and make the most of it, for it's the last you'll have from me for a long time."

The physic—a powder and draught—was taken very soon after the doctor's departure and still Mr. Levingstone detained his clerk, now again talking on many and various subjects, and seeming to enjoy their *tete-a-tete*, till at length, observing the lateness of the hour, he asked if Bertram would mind remaining there that night, offering his own room, and adding that as he suddenly felt very drowsy, he should remain where he was on the sofa.

The young man, however, would not hear of occupying his master's room, and declared if he remained in the sitting-room, so would he, and sleep in the easy chair where he now was.

Mr. Levingstone muttered something, but appeared very much overpowered with drowsiness, and soon afterwards Bertram, believing him asleep dozed also.

The heavy, oppressed breathing of the sleeper on the sofa, prevented Bertram's doze from lengthening into sound sleep, and after a time he roused up, and going close to the sofa, tried to rouse its occupier from what seemed so uneasy a slumber. In this, however, he did not succeed; Mr. Levingstone only groaned the more, and seemed less comfortable than before.

All his own inclination to sleep was thoroughly banished.

William sat down near the sofa, and watched the slumberer somewhat uneasily, and thus the hours of the early morning—for morning it had grown into ere they had either of them thought of repose — wore away, and soon the old woman arrived to sweep out the counting-house, and put all in order for the day.

No sooner did Bertram hear her than he summoned her to his master's room, and after hearing his own opinion confirmed by her, that all was not right with Mr. Levingstone, he bade a clerk, who had also arrived to go with all speed for Mr. Cowper.

In less than an hour the doctor stood again by the sofa of the unfortunate merchant, and William heard, with blanched cheeks and sorrowing heart, that his employer was dying—that nothing could save him—he would never speak again. He had been poisoned!

Low but distinct was the tone in which the fearful word was uttered; and piercing was the look at the young clerk which accompanied it.

"He has been poisoned, and since I was here last," said the doctor. "What has he had?"

"Nothing but the medicine, sir," replied William.

"There is the bottle and the paper on the table beside him; he has taken nothing else since you left.

"Oh, don't say he is going to die, Mr. Cowper.

"He cannot have swallowed poison, and since you left—it is impossible."

While William, greatly agitated, uttered these words hastily and almost incoherently the doctor watched him gravely, nay, sternly, but he said nothing more except to ask if any one else had been with Mr. Levingone that evening.

When answered in the negative, he again looked at the clerk, but more sorrowfully, and shook his head.

He knew nothing whatever of William except the mere fact of his position in the counting-house and the confidence reposed in him by his employer.

Mr. Levingstone died in a few hours, having sunk from uneasy sleep into a lethargy, and thence to that sleep from which there is no waking in this world.

His brother, hastily telegraphed for, arrived; affection, little shown during life, seemed to be aroused by death.

He really felt his loss deeply, bewailed it loudly, and was frantic for vengeance on the murderer.

A hasty examination of the affairs proved a large sum missing which should have been there.

The Dutch correspondent proved it had been sent; the English bankers that they had received and paid it over to Mr. Levingstone's order as usual, but had not received it back again to place to his account on their books.

It was William Bertram, and he alone, who had the management of all the money transactions.

No one was aware, till he had himself stated the fact, that this sum was missing. Mr. Levingstone had never named it even to his partners; the bankers themselves only knew it had been inquired for at their hands, and that it was absolutely gone.

Was it likely Mr. Levingstone would have kept such a matter secret had he himself really known of it?

Did he know of it? The clerk asserted that he did; but was such an assertion to the credited?

Was it not more than likely—a positive certainty indeed—that he should have mentioned the matter to Mr. Ricarbo, connected as that gentleman was with the very house whence the money had been sent, had he been aware of it when he called, at the very time, according to the clerk, when the matter was being discussed; of course it was. Did he do it?

No, Mr. Ricarbo never heard a syllable of the missing thousands till after his partner's death.

On the other hand, it was well known that Bertram had been eagerly desirous of marrying for some years.

Money was the only thing waited for; of late he had spoken to more than one of his fellow clerks of the fact that his marriage day was near; the money had come then. How?—that was the question.

True, the sum stolen could not be traced to him, nor could it be traced in any other direction, since no one could have had access to it but himself or his employers, and there was no probable or possible motive for fixing the theft on any other person. The sum was most likely in safe hiding at this very moment.

Was it not more than probable that his employer had himself detected the discrepancy in his books on looking them over on that night; that the question had arisen between the clerk and himself; that the suspicions of the master, the fears of the servant, had been both aroused, and that the latter had been urged to the speedy commission of this horrible crime by sudden dread of detection.

As to his own detail of the interview between his victim and himself, it depended solely on his own assertion, and was, of course, a very clumsily-constructed invention of his own, to ward off from himself, by partial admission, the suspicion certain to be felt by others when the disappearance of the sum became known after the murder.

This disappearance itself gave all that was needed—a motive of direct certainty, conviction, whither suspicion had already pointed her black finger.

Mr. Levingstone's young, confidential clerk, he alone was the thief—he alone could be his murderer!

What horrible ingratitude! what fearful depravity!—so young, too, and such a cold-blooded murder!

So spoke the public, one and all. The younger Levingstone was furious and wild to have at once the life of his brother's destoyer.

Bertram was arrested on the instant.

The inquest was held. It was proved that on the evening of the murder no one had been in the house of Mr. Levingstone after the clerk's departure, except Bertram and the doctor.

The latter swore that he had left his patient recovering fast, nay, absolutely well, in the company of the young clerk only. In the morning he had found him dying, while the latter, criminating himself in his eager desire to make out a plausible story, declared, not only that he had taken nothing but his medicine, which he himself saw him swallow, but that he had never left him from the moment of his own departure.

As to the medicine, the doctor deposed to having prepared that with his own hand, as he often did what his friend Mr. Levingstone took, and that he had sent him half a dozen powders and draughts composed exactly the same; five of each the patient had already taken with benefit, and as to the sixth, it must have had the same effect if administered without being tampered with.

Besides, the post mortem examination proved, what the doctor had before suspected, that the crime had been committed in the most common and ignorant fashion. The poison was discoverable in the system at the first glance, and was enough to have destroyed two men.

The guilty party was evidently totally ignorant of the elements of chemistry.

So was William Bertram; and as, stunned, horror-stricken, he gave, when called on, the history of that last day of his unfortunate master's life, in a dull, distrait way, all who listened, while they shuddered at the prisoner's dogged insensibility, wondered at the indifferent manner in which he so clearly convicted himself, repeating every statement like a well-learnt lesson.

Not a doubt of his guilt was felt in the mind of any one present on the inquest.

Many were almost glad when they heard him committed for trial, so hardened, nay, so stupidly brutal did they consider the youth whom Mr. Levingstone had regarded with perfect confidence and affection, and whose cleverness and aptitude for business he had so much admired.

Some few, as they talked over the matter, said, "What a fool he was to say he alone had been in the house, or to stay there at all after once administering the poison!" "Why, if he had but gone off home till the morning, perhaps no one would ever have

thought of him, in spite of the money; but there it is—people say men who do such crimes turn downright idiots, as to proving their own guilt after; and I'm sure this fellow does, with a vengeance!"

Such were the comments on the inquest and its result, and something like them had been the thought in Ralph Humphry's mind while reading the account of it at first; and even now he sighed, and shook his head over William's own history of that day and evening, more especially as the letter relating to the money said to have been sent to Mr. Ricarbo had never, that gentleman said, when appealed to, been received. Every word William Bertram said seemed to prove himself so clearly the guilty person!

"It is very strange," said Ralph to himself, as he threw down the paper in despair. "Well, I'll go and see this poor fellow myself to-morrow.

"If he is not guilty—and Jessie has somehow made me as sceptical on that point as herself—it is the most mysterious business it ever was my fate to hear of."

Then the young barrister sat in a brown study for half an hour; then dipped into several books, whence to draw helps and hints as to the line of defence best to follow in the conduct of his case; then looked over a long list of old criminal trials, to seek some guide to a possible way for escape for William; and finally, as the spring morning began to dawn, hastened to bed, to dream once more of brief and fortune, and best of all, of Mary as his wife.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Raven's Tower.

BY W. H. B.

"I WOULD not give a glass of sour beer for all your stale traditions of the Hartz mountains," exclaimed a dark hook-nosed student seated in the farthest corner of the room. "I have a poor opinion of your Prussian monster—your spectre of the Brocken. He is a sulky spirit, and but seldom shows his cloudy form.

"The Devil's Pulpit, the Witches' Altar, Walpurgis Eve, or Devil's Sabbath, fine names, no doubt; they have enticed many a credulous traveller to the inhospitable region of the Hartz, to send him back again grumbling at being swindled into visiting a series of mole hills dignified by the name of mountains, remarkable for nothing but bad roads, infamous fare, charcoal burners, miners, and roguish landlords."

"Has any present ever passed through the Hollenthal or Valley of Hell?" uttered a burly quick-speaking voice from behind a dense cloud of tobacco smoke in the right hand corner of the room, adjoining the fire.

"Not yet," was the general answer.

"Well you should," he continued. "For my part I can recount the history of each crag-built turret, and the legends of all gloomy hollows in the pass."

"How came you by this local knowledge, bursch?"

"I first drew breath at Hirschsprung, the centre of the Hollenthal; my father was the principal guide to Moreau in his famous retreat through this romantic valley, and the glory achieved by my parent in that enterprise determined me to make myself acquainted with the intricacies of this wondrous valley from Freiburg to Steig, with the numerous donjons and turrets that bristle on the trackless crags, each with its tale of deadly crime in days gone by."

"I remember me of one of these same turrets which bears the name of 'The Raven's Tower.' It stands on an isolated rock in the most inaccessible gorge of the mountain, and surrounded by scenery of the most dismal nature in the Hollenthal.

"It is most likely that the tower was erected, in common with other donjons and towers in the Hollenthal, somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century.

"The chief of it is said to have been a proud and cruel lord, fierce in his anger and unforgiving in his revenge.

"After a few years residence, some of his companions died, and others left him for a more congenial land, so that he remained with but one stern and hard old man, in possession of the ill-gotten wealth which had accumulated in many years of rapine.

"At last, the Graf Vorsflede, for such was the name of the chief, was appointed by the Emperor to a margraviate on the banks of the Inn.

"He hastened, with his ancient companion in arms, to secure the reward of his services, and the inhabitants of the Schwarswald were glad at his departure.

"But he was not long away; the shadow of the tall donjon had scarcely dialled its annual round when the dark valley was again the abode of the Mark Graf, who brought with him a fair haired damsel, of tender age and most exceedingly beauty.

"A grisly dame supplied the place of the old soldier, who had been left in charge of the duties of the Mark: to her care the young girl was especially confided, during the hunting excursions of Vorsflede.

"In her little rambles on the hill side or by the meanderings of the forest stream, the old crone still kept a watchful eye upon the young prisoner, as if she feared that the foul fiend would spirit her away.

"And whispered reasons were given by the simple foresters for this especial watchfulness and care; it was said that the Mark Graf had stolen the girl from her home in the fastnesses of the Bohmer-wald, and fearing the interference of her friends, had conveyed her to his donjon in the Hollenthal, till the fierceness of the pursuit were over, or the young girl had learned to love her rude betrayer.

"It was said also that she had left in her native valleys a young hunter on whom she had bestowed her heart; that in her abduction, she had shrieked to him for assistance, and that Vorsflede had left orders with the old soldier to watch for the passage of the youngster if he should attempt to cross the Mark in her pursuit, and the old crone muttered in her gossipings that there was little doubt but that the hunter would be well cared for.

"That the lady pined for her liberty, or her lover, was evident to the few inhabitants who resided in the dreary neighborhood of the turret. She strolled sadly along in her daily walks, followed closely by the old woman, to whom she never condescended to speak, although her silver-toned voice was freely used in colloquy with the wives and daughters of the humble neighbors, among whom she became exceedingly popular.

"In spite of the old crone's vigilance, the lady obtained several interviews with a young man, of fair stature, who came in secret to the Hollenthal, and remained concealed in the hut of a certain woodman.

"His wife entertained the old guardian in the front chamber while the lady stepped into the small back room, to hold converse with the stranger, under pretence of comforting a sick child.

"Her flight from the donjon was arranged; a stout forest nag was concealed within a short distance and the young man was directed to pass to the West, when he was required to push for the French frontier, where he might defy pursuit.

"The next day, the Graf went forth to hunt at early dawn; the lady left her couch, and despite the cries of the enraged beldame, mounted behind the young man, who pushed his willing steed to the appointed pass.

"It is not known where they crossed the path of the Graf, but an hour had scarcely elapsed ere the woodman, as he went to the exercise of his craft, met the ferocious chief, leading the horse of the runaways, with the bodies of the lady and her lover flung across the animal's back.

"Three weeks elapsed ere the woodman had courage to venture in the fearful vicinity of the turreted crag.

"He was surprised at the countless flight of ravens that hovered around the donjon's top, yet seemed as if they feared to light.

"The lower gate of the path from the thal to the crag was fastened, and the door of the dwelling beside the turret was newly barred on the outside.

"It was evident that the Graf and his companion hag had left the place, yet the woodman had not the heart to essay an entrance till he had summoned his comrades to his assistance.

"After some delay passed in useless but cautious knocking at the portal, the foresters broke open the well-fastened door, and hastened, with a divining fear, to search the turret from its cave-like cellar to the battlemented top.

"A sight of horror excelling aught that the records of diabolical malignity can produce, met their astonished sight.

"The girl was there—alive—a mouthing, jibbering maniac. When the brutal Graf encountered the fugitives in the forest, the young man jumped from the horse, and with drawn sword dared him to the fight.

"Vorsflede intimated a desire to parley, and, professing unbounded love for the lady and respect for her protector, gradually drew near to the unsuspecting pair, till, watching his opportunity, he knocked the lady from her seat by a stunning blow with his left arm, and as the young man started forward to catch her, the Graf run him through the body with his hunting sword.

"Upon their arrival at the donjon, the lady recovered from her swoon; she was taken to the top of the turret, and chained alive to the dead body of the youth, by the Graf himself, the man who had sworn to her so many oaths of never-ending love and adoration.

"The corpse was fastened to a grating fixed in the stone flooring of the turret's roof; escape was impossible, even if she had wished to court an instant death by precipitating herself, with her offensive burden, from the battlements to the rocks beneath.

"The Graf was insensible to her prayers, her shrieks for pity; the ruffian who had robbed her of her virtue and professed to live but in her smile, heard her agonized supplications with a sneer, and left her to a slow and dreadful death.

"He hastened from the tower, taking with him the old crone, and, fastening the entrance, fled from the Hollenthal with a savage determination of completing his revenge.

"Who can describe the anguish of the young girl when left enchained to the bleeding form of him who had lost his life in her defence? left too, without a hope of rescue, but in a death of most appalling shape.

"The heats of the meridian sun and the damp dews of night, which fell alike on her unprotected head, were as naught to the fearful companionship forced upon this gentle creature, in the drear gorges of the savage mountain and the black and endless woods.

"It were vain to attempt a relation of her sufferings from hunger, and its fearful attendant, thirst.

"The dullest imagination can conceive the horrors of her gradual decay—till reason fled from its oppressed abode, and then—in savage obedience to the ungovernable craving, she fastened her teeth in the neck of the half-putrid corse beside her, and glutted her insane appetite with the flesh of him she loved.

"The ravens, smelling carrion, had poised with greedly beaks above her head; her last remaining strength was used to keep the foul creatures from her food.

"With blood-stained mouth and ghastly smile that told the vacant mind, she welcomed the foresters to the groaning tables and well spread feast made by her parents to honor her return.

"The exertion broke the over-strained strings of her heart—she died ere they could remove her from the turret's roof.

"The woodmen examined the papers found on the body of the young man, hoping to meet with a reference to his home—they found it not—but a letter was discovered in the dress of the girl that showed how futile was the jealousy of the Graf, how needless his revenge. The young man was the lady's only brother.

"Vorsflede was never heard of more. His donjon has never again been tenanted; indeed, such is the horror of its blood-stained walls, that few persons have ever been hardy enough, even in the broadest daylight, to explore the recesses of the Raven's Tower."

THE LORD OF THE UMBRELLA.—There is nothing of the caste prejudice of the Hindoos about the Burmans. They declare they have caste, but what they call by that name is nothing more than the arbitrary settlement by the sumptuary laws of what a man may wear and what is forbidden, what language he may use and what must be used to him. A man "dies," a priest "goes back"—to the blissful seats whence he came, a king "ascends" to one of the six heavens of happiness. Similarly, an ordinary man "walks," a mendicant "stalks," a noble "paces with dignified gait," while a king "makes a royal progress." The latter expression is correct as far as personages of the Burmese royal blood are concerned. They never go on their own legs in the open air. If they do not mount an elephant, some official is honored with the weight of His Majesty on his back. In the same way, while an humble subject "eats," a priest "assimilates," or "nourishes his body with the alms of the pious;" and a king demeans himself to nothing less than "ascending to the lordly board." You may "call" or "invite" an ordinary man; to an ascetic you may "suggest an interview." And so on through a triple language which makes Burmese in the palace an unknown tongue to the best foreign scholar. A gentleman, in replying in the affirmative to some remark of the Lord of the Golden Palace, horrified the court by using a form contrary to what it should be: "I think with Your Majesty." The expression to Palace ears was much the same as if some one were to say to Her Majesty the Queen England: "Right you are, old lady."

If the proprieties of language are carefully observed, the regulations as to wearing apparel and ornaments are far more minute, and guarded with the most jealous care. The almost wretched character of the houses of Upper Burmah, as compared with those in English territory, is very apparent. There he may decorate his kilt with any number of representations of the peacock. An Upper Burman would be promptly put in jail—he would even run some risk of being killed outright—if he ventured upon one. Peacocks are for personages of the blood-royal. Most people in independent territory wear no coats at all; but if they do wear coats they must be of the simplest possible "Chinese cut." Long-tailed surcoats and the like are reserved for officials, minutely regulated as to buttons, gold or otherwise, which must severely tax the memory of informers and chamberlains.

As we ascend in the social, or rather the official scale—for all dignity comes from office or from a special grant from the King—distinctions thicken. Naturally, in the land of the umbrella-bearing chiefs, the largest afford a prominent and obvious mode of making rank. The umbrella is twelve or fifteen feet high, with an expanse of about six feet across. A poor man has nothing to do with these big umbrellas whatever, unless he be employed to carry one over his master's head. If he owns an umbrella at all, it must be short and of Western dimensions. Royal officials about the palace have their umbrellas painted black inside; country people and those not directly connected with the royal abode must have the palm-leaf of its original color. Some have permission to cover the wide surface with pink or green satin; others, more honored, may add a fringe. A golden umbrella is given by special grace to the highest priest, and the Royal Princes. A white umbrella belongs to the King alone, and not even the heir-apparent, when such a person, as occasionally happens, exists, is allowed to use it. Matters are still further complicated by the number of umbrellas. Nine white ones mark the King; the heir-apparent has eight golden ones; and the rest of the royal personages numbers corresponding to their achievements or the regard the King has for them. If they achieve too much, however, and become popular, they die. Distinguished statesmen and generals may have several gold umbrellas, which are duly displayed on all public occasions and are put up in the house in prominent places. These distinctions are very tenaciously held by. Innocent, unwitting Englishmen have got themselves into serious trouble in Mandalay by going about carrying silk umbrellas with white covers. The offence is high treason and merits death.

The usage as to jewels and precious stones is very carefully laid down. Very few besides the King and his kinsfolk may wear diamonds. The display of emeralds and rubies is restricted in like manner; and so on with other precious stones less esteemed by Burmans. Velvet sandals are allowed to none but persons of royal blood.

Bric-a-Brac.

LIFTING THE HAT.—The modern custom of lifting the hat or touching it in saluting friends and acquaintances is said to be an abbreviation of an old custom of savages, by which they took off all their clothes and put them on their captors as a sign of submission.

THE WORD "BOOK."—The word "book" is derived from the Saxon. Before the invention of paper the Saxons used to write on blocks of wood. The wood of the beech tree, called in the Saxon language *bok*, being close-grained and hard, was mostly used for that purpose and hence the word book.

POTATOES.—These valuable tubers, according to some, were brought into England from Virginia by Hawkins, in 1563; according to others, they were introduced by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, on his return homeward in 1618, put into an Irish port, where he landed a great number of them, which multiplied exceedingly, and became, in a short time, very common, both in Ireland and England.

CURIOUS FACTS.—The number three was a favorite one with the Druids, and one of their ceremonies consisted of three silent bows. The most ancient of all recipes known to us comes from Egypt, from an ancient papyrus roll, and is a recipe for hair dye. A Saxon, under King Ethelbert could pull the nose of an enemy if he had three shillings to spare, but if he made the nose bleed it costs him five shillings.

AROUND THE GLOBE.—Just before going out of office the late Commissioner of Agriculture, confessed that he alone was responsible for 858,381,675 pages of agricultural documents and reports—pages enough to reach five times around the globe if pasted together, so as to make a continuous strip: reading matter enough to reach ten times farther than the moon if printed in a single line, like a telegraph message on the tape.

BLUE HEN.—The nickname sometimes given to the state of Delaware. The origin of the term is said to be this: One Captain Cadwell, an officer of the 1st. Delaware regiment in the Revolution, was very fond of game cocks, but maintained that no cock was truly game unless its mother was a "blue hen." As he was an exceedingly popular man, his regiment was called "The Blue Hen," and the term was afterwards transferred to the state and its inhabitants.

POCKET WATCHES.—It was in the year 1577 that pocket-watches were first brought from Germany. The emperor, Charles V., had a watch set as the jewel of his ring; and in the Elector of Saxony's stables is to be seen a clock in the pommel of his saddle. Charles' I. had a ring-dial, made by Delamaine, a mathematician, which that monarch valued so much, that on the morning before he was beheaded he ordered it to be given to the Duke of York, with a book showing its use.

HOW FISHES BREATHE.—The breathing of fishes takes place by means of their gills. The water, which is impregnated by atmospheric air is taken in at the mouth, and forced out again by the apparatus on each side of the neck. It is thus made to pass between the gills, which form a comb-like set of vascular fringes, supported by a system of bones termed bronchial arches, and during this passage the air is absorbed by the blood of the fish. Fish have little blood, and therefore require little oxygen, the oxidized blood is confined to a few internal organs, as the heart, liver, kidneys, lungs and gills. For this reason the flesh of most fish is white and apparently bloodless.

ANEMONES.—There are forty species of animal anemones or actinia. They are beautiful in structure and wonderful in their economy. They are of a cylindrical figure, or pear or funnel-shaped, but often like a marigold or rose. They are found firmly fixed on the rocks washed by the sea. They swell or contract at pleasure. They devour fish, crabs, etc., as well as flesh. They spread their numerous arms, or tentacula, and if one seizes any prey, the rest unite in securing it, and carying it to the mouth. They are hermaphrodite, and cast their young from their mouth; and they often divide and become two animals; and you may cut them into several parts, which if torn away, the very shreds become perfect actinia. They cannot live in fresh water. They have sensitive feelings, shrink in case of danger, and enjoy the light, but no eyes have been traced. They can detach themselves to float in the sea.

THE FAITH OF THE PRESIDENTS.—Washington and Garfield were the only ones who were church members, but all, except one, were men who revered Christianity. Adams married a minister's daughter and was inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson was not a believer, at least while he was Chief Magistrate. Madison's early connections were Presbyterian. Monroe is said to have favored the Episcopal Church. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Methodist and died in the communion of that church. Van Buren was brought up in the Reformed Church, but afterwards inclined to the Episcopal. Harrison leaned towards the Methodist Church. Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office had expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Fillmore attended the Unitarian Church. Franklin Pierce was a member, but not a communicant, of a Congregational church. Buchanan was a Presbyterian. Grant attended the Methodist. Hayes' wife is a Methodist. He is a non-professor, but attends her church. President Garfield was an active member of the Church of the Disciples.

BARNACLES.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the past is heavy and hindereth me.
The past hath crusted and cumbrous shells
That holds the flesh of the cold sea smells.
Above my soul,
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole,
And hindereth me from sailing.

Old Past, let go, and drop in the sea
Till fathomless water cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
The day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind,
I needs must hurry with the wind,
And trim me best for sailing.

STRANGERS STILL.

BY CLEMANTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

IN a cool thin dress she walked brightly by Brundel's side, shaded from the hot sun by a huge umbrella.

She was greatly pleased with Luccombe Chine, deciding, like many another, that it was superior to that of Shanklin.

Brundel entertained her by telling her of the great convulsions in 1818, at Steel Bay, and the landslip at East End, where the rocks presented a scene of grotesque confusion, littered by dark masses of earth, white chalk, and luxuriant vegetation, that seemed to show there had been a war of inanimate matter.

Arrived at Bonchurch, they were glad of a rest and a good dinner, after which they again started out.

Cecil cried out with delight to see the masses of fallen rock, covered with roses, myrtle and geraniums, growing in wild luxuriance.

She picked the grapes that grew in festoons from tree to tree, praised the ornamental cottage, and balmy air, and was wild as a surprised child, at finding a new pleasure in the undercliff.

The dusk of evening had gathered about, when they came to the small pond on the southern front, called St. Bonny's, or the Wishing Well.

Brundel bade her drink, and wish, as an old legend runs—that if a stranger, while first drinking the water of St. Bonny's Well, uttered a wish, it would invariably be gratified.

With a sudden solemnity, Cecil gazed into her husband's face, asking if it were really true.

He laughingly asked her to try, and raising the water to her lips, she said in a soul-stirred voice—

"I pray God for the power to bring you happiness."

"My dear," said Brundel, taking her hand in his, "the prayer was granted ere it was uttered, the very wish brought its fulfillment."

As the star-gemmed gloaming, she lay nearer her husband's heart, than she had ever done yet.

Passing the shadow of the pulpit rock that juts out from the craggy side of the upper line of wall, at an elevation of four hundred feet, surmounted by a wooden cross, Cecil declared that the cross seemed to rise above them in the moonlight like a blessing.

They both agreed the day had been delicious, and the drive home exquisite in its enjoyment.

"What shall we do to-day, Cecil?" asked Brundel, waking up from his papers after a lazily prolonged breakfast, a few days later.

"Did you not promise to row me out to see the Needles and round Alum Bay. It's just the day to see the tinted cliffs to perfection."

"The very thing, young lady, run and put on your hat; we'll start before the sun gets stronger.

"Tell Nurse Sophy to get a bottle of wine and some sandwiches packed for us; we won't return to luncheon. We can dine at Beazley's on the Needles."

Cecil ran away to do as he desired, and returned looking perfectly charming in a close-fitting white linen dress and a large shady white hat with snowy drooping plumes, that contrasted delightfully with her glowing southern beauty.

The sea was calm and the air soft and clear: the deep blue of the sky above was reflected on the smooth surface of the water, when Brundel with strong slow strokes pulled around Alum Bay, and resting on his oars, gazed with admiration at the rapt look of delight on the lovely face of his girl-wife.

"Oh, Brundel, this is a marvellous sight, what wonderful colors cover the cliffs, surely it's the home of the rainbows. Oh! how rapidly the tide runs; listen to the screaming of the aquatic birds, how wierd and strange it seems. Is it not romantic?"

"I don't understand, the romance, my dear girl. I know its awfully jolly. Let us get to the Needles, then we shall find a little shade. I am rather hot, it's hard work rowing."

"Then you should have had a boatman, Brundel."

"Nonsense, I like the work, Cecil. Besides, a boatman listening to all we say and directing us where to bestow our admiration would spoil the enjoyment. Steer carefully, my lass, this is not the safest place in the world, even in a dead calm. Are not the Needles magnificent? What a pity Lot's Wife has fallen."

"'Tis a pity when anyone's wife falls," laughed Cecil; "but tell me, what do you mean by Lot's wife?"

"Well, pretty one, Lot's Wife was the name given to one of the Needle Rocks, which stood out of the sea alone, like a spire, to the heighth of one hundred and twenty feet. It is said to have given the name to the group from its shape; it fell in 1764. Now we have a fine view of the Needles. How would you like to inhabit the lighthouse out there?"

"Rather lonely, is it not?" Cecil replied, her eyes fixed beyond on the majestic rocks that, like exiled monarchs, are grouped in grand loneliness away from the haunts of men, their feet kissed by the only friends left to them—the waves.

"I should not be lonely if you were there."

She blushed hotly beneath his surprised gaze; an uncomfortable silence fell upon them, broken at last by Brundel, who said kindly, to shield her from the severity of her own censure.

"You're a darling to say so, Cecil. If you flatter me, I shall grow insufferably vain. When you have looked your full on this lovely scene, Cecil, we will pass beyond the Needles into Scratchell's Bay; there we shall see the noble arch I told you about, and the Needles Cave that runs so far into the cliff."

"We must see Freshwater Cliffs before we return, Brundel; you told me their fronts are scored with regular lines of flints like a copy-book."

"Of course we shall, dear; and after that I think we had better land, and get a peep at your favorite poet, Tennyson's house, on the Alum Springs Road. It is a pretty building, encircled by trees."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

HAVE you sent out the invitations for our ball, Cecil?"

"Yes, all is settled. The temporary ball-room or marquee is to be fixed on the large lawn at the back of the house. I have arranged that it should lead out of the breakfast-room, with a passage made of evergreens and flowers, which, with a little statuary and lamps, will have a charming effect. Every one that we care about seems to be coming. I have ordered the grounds to be lighted by electric globes, and think it will be altogether nice. I shall not go out to-day, there is so much to see about; but don't postpone your excursion to Arreton, I know you will enjoy it. If it is a little less warm, I should be glad to row through the Arched Rock, at Freshwater Bay, on Thursday; I want to make a sketch of it. I think it is such a sweet picture."

"All right, little woman, we'll go. Only don't tire yourself by too much dancing; and mind no one is to waltz with you but myself. By-the-bye, what are you going to wear? I should like you best in white, it suits your gipsy beauty and shows off the purity of your creamy complexion."

Cecil blushed with pleasure, as she replied:

"I know you preferred white, so I chose it to please you."

"You are a dear considerate little girl, Cecil, and always look charming. Well, I'll start now, if you really don't want me for anything. Mind you have a good rest before dinner, so that we can have a drive in the cool of the evening."

"Are you sure that we'll get back in time. May not your companions detain you?"

"Now Cecil, you surprise me. Have I ever failed you, dear, or broken a promise?"

"No, you good old boy, forgive my foolish speech, and be sure I shall be anxiously awaiting your return."

She laid a timid hand on his.

She spoke, raising a pair of glorious, love-lit eyes to his, pleadingly.

He looked into their pure depths, till a flush stole over his handsome face, and in swift emotion he caught her by two strong hands that met around her slender waist, and was about to show his pleasure in her by a kiss, when Nurse Sophy, after a gentle knock, entered the room, to bring the letters arrived by the second post.

Brundel released his wife, and began arranging his books and papers, leaving Cecil to sort the letters.

She placed two in her pocket with nervous hurried hands, then passed him his in silence.

An hour later, when he had gone, she opened a letter in a cramped handwriting with an eagerness that was totally devoid of pleasure.

When she read it she sank into a seat and covered her face with her hands, shaking like an aspen.

"The night of the ball, of all others," she gasped in horror. "Oh! if Brundel should meet her what a scene there would be. Well, I must submit; anything rather than they should meet, and by some wretched quarrel expose all our miserable story."

Brundel returned punctual to his time, looking brown and bonny.

During the pleasant dinner he remarked to Cecil:

"I am afraid I must not stay here much longer, child; you see, for a man in my position I have been idle for a long time."

"All through me," sighed Cecil.

"I am grateful that it has been through you, little girl; for it has been the pleasantest time in my life. I am sorry to so soon end my holiday. But you need not return if I do. You see, Raggate Royal will be ready to receive its mistress in a few weeks, and I long to see you there, so you need not leave the island till then. I believe the climate has quite cured your cough; I have not heard it for a long while."

"Oh, yes, I am quite well now; I only find the cough troublesome at night a little."

"Nurse," said Cecil, the day of the ball, "I want you to take this letter to the post at once."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sophy, turning it over in her hand carelessly till her eye marked the address, then started, and turned pale, saying, "What can you have to do with her now? Don't have anything to do with them, my dear young lady, that is not known to the master. They are a bitter, bad lot."

"But Sophy, dear, 'tis only Aunt Hester, and she says she will see me to-morrow night, even if she has to force her way to my side before all our guests. 'This is but a line to bid her wait for me in the shrubbery at eleven o'clock, when I can steal away from the ball-room unnoticed, and settle the matter for good and all, quietly, for the sake of the good old name."

"Oh, bother the good old name," snapped Sophy. "I don't see why such bad folks have to bear a good name. But go your own way, and please God it may not bring you more unhappiness. I'll take it to the post; better I than another, perhaps, though I wonder the letter don't burn my fingers. You are too meek by half, mistress, more's the pity. Promise me you'll take a rest while I am gone, or you will be wearied by to-night."

"Yes, nurse, I'll rest: mind you are in good time to dress me. I want to look my best, for Mr. Havesham's sake."

"Shall I do, Brundel?" asked Cecil shyly, as she stepped into the flower-decked room that was to serve as a reception-hall, her long trailing satin skirts sweeping the dark polished floor with a pleasant sound.

Brundel turned hastily, and positively started to see such a vision of lovely womanhood before him.

She wore a plain, close-fitting robe of gleaming white satin, edged about with golden embroidery, fashioned in a Greek pattern; on her graceful dark head a tiny cap of golden network with glittering coins nestled among her curls; around her lovely neck and rounded arms were clasped plain bands of dull gold.

Her face glowed with soft bright color, her dark eyes bright as stars claimed sovereignty over all her other charms.

The dark background of deep green shrubs showed up the fair picture in a vivid contrast the very perfection of artistic taste.

Brundel hastened to assure her of his delighted approval, saying, when he had praised her till she laughed at his compliments, telling him they were too grand to be sincere.

"Lay aside that wonderful fan, child, and those lovely flowers, I have a present for you that will fitly complete your toilet. Give me your arm."

She held it out wonderingly, and he clasped a splendid diamond starred bracelet on the slender wrist, saying, as he returned her wrist again:

"'Tis my first gift to my wife, so I was resolved it should be worthy her acceptance. I hope some day my name, dear child, may be to you like that bracelet, a circle of light. I am glad to think that I am so fast mounting the steep hill Success for the sake of the dear little girl, who has done me the honor to bear my name."

"'Tis an honor I would not give up to wear a crown, Brundel. I am truly pleased with this lovely gift, and shall always treasure it beyond all my souvenirs, and never will part with it."

"I am glad you are pleased, child. Hark! here come the first arrivals. Do not move, this is the place to receive with dignity. Here they come; hold up your head, pet, like the little queen that you are. Never was there a prouder husband than yours to-night."

The assembly was brilliant beyond their most sanguine expectations, and Brundel felt his heart swell with pride as unalloyed praise and pleasure greeted his ear, on every side, coupled with his young wife's name.

At eleven o'clock, when the guests were engaged in a delicious waltz, Cecil stole away unnoticed to the shrubbery at the side of the house; it was a dull, secluded spot shut out from observation, and only dimly lighted by a few statues holding lamps aloft.

Covered from head to foot with a large cloak, Cecil hurried on, casting timid looks behind her as the darkness closed about her like a wall shutting her from her friends.

At the farthest and darkest part, a tall figure awaited her coming impatiently.

Cecil's heart beat, as she neared her, with all the old dread and she wished she had brought Nurse Sophy with her to guard her.

Mrs. Rolfe came forward to meet her eagerly, saying, in the old stern repellent voice:

"I thought you intended to break your promise. I am glad you have come. I will be brief and tell you my errand, for I am in haste to return to town, and must try to accomplish part of my journey to-night, late as it is."

Cecil tried to speak even some commonplace words in reply, but her tongue clove to her mouth, and her limbs shook with all the old powerful fear she had cherished from childhood for the woman beside her.

"Cecil, I came here to-night in sore need, that I should despise, if I alone suffered it, but it is shared by my dear boy, whom I consider you cheated out of an inheritance. I come to demand, not ask the sum of three thousand dollars. Your cousin, by an unlucky speculation, is on the brink of ruin. That paltry sum will save him, and in a few months he will restore it to you, and become the husband of one of the richest women in England. Come, return to the house and write me a check, if you cannot do better by giving me it in notes and gold."

"Aunt Hester, I am surprised that you dare ask a favor of me, after all the wrong I have suffered at your hands. You might know I should not keep such a sum by me, and I could not, if I would, write you a check without my husband's permission, and I know he would never consent that a penny of mine should benefit that bad man, your son. It is needless to prolong this interview. I would not send him a penny if he were starving, and would die rather than help to place any one of my sex in such a bad man's power."

She turned to go, when her aunt, in a passion of baffled rage, caught at her cloak, and, dragging it away from the lovely form, displayed all the bravery of her attire.

This roused Cecil's temper, and she put out her jewelled arm to regain her garment, when the elder woman's eyes were caught by the light of the diamond bracelet.

In a moment she estimated its value, and, holding the soft arm in a clasp that was like iron, and held it up to the light, saying:

"So you wear such jewels as this, while my boy begs to you for a few paltry dollars? Are you really resolved not to give it to him? Did you mean it, you hateful girl? Answer me at once!"

"Yes, aunt, I did mean it, for I hate you, both of you, for your cruelty to me in France. Release my arm, you hurt. See, you have made the bracelet cut my flesh. Oh, what you would do? Don't take that, I would rather you tore off my flesh! You shall not take it, my husband gave it to me only to-night. Oh, how cruel you are! Help! help!"

Another moment and the brief struggle was over, and Cecil leant against the sheltering shrubs, her pretty arm bruised and stripped of its jewels, hanging by her side, while she strove to keep herself from fainting.

Up the long dark walk Mrs. Rolfe hurried away unperceived, and a moment later Sophy came upon her mistress, of whom she was in search, and who was crying like a child about her loss.

A little later she returned to the ball-room and mingled with the guests.

After they had departed she told her husband she had lost his gift in the grounds.

She told him so timidly and faltered so at his questions, that he said jestingly:

"Don't look so worried about it, dear. 'Pon my word, if it were any other than my wife, my professional instinct would lead me to believe you fibbing. Don't look so shocked, silly, I only said it in fun to rouse you out of your perplexity. Why, you know I would take your word against the world. If we can't recover this bracelet we can get another in its place, so go to bed and leave the search to me. You look quite ill. Good night."

A large reward was offered and Brundel did his best to recover the bracelet; for it was of far greater value than Cecil imagined.

He was obliged to return to town a few days later, and placed the matter in the hands of a clever detective to trace it out.

In a few days the man brought him information that made him think the world was turned upside down.

It was proved that the bracelet had been pledged at a west-end pawnbroker's, for a large sum of money, by Sir Jesse Rolfe.

Half wild with rage and suspicion, Brundel hastened back to his wife, and confronted her with the news, none too gently told, and was amazed, when she, in tearful fright, confessed to him she had the duplicate, but dared not tell him how she had got it.

This put out his last spark of patience, and he left her, saying he had lost all faith in her.

Left alone and hopeless, Cecil fell into ill-health, and at last opened her heart to Sophy, and told her the whole story—how her aunt had sent her the duplicate, after wringing from her an oath of silence as to her part in the affair.

Sophy, rightly believing a broken promise better than a broken heart, wrote off to Brundel, telling him the truth, and begging him to come to his wife.

Still feeling a little sore at her want of trust, he did so, and was shocked out of his anger by Cecil's altered looks.

He returned with her to their own home, and found to his sorrow that they were farther apart than ever.

CHAPTER XIII.

"STRANGERS YET."

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake."

Quoted Brundel, as he and Cecil stood together in the soft evening light, in a part of the picturesque park of Raggate Royal; at their feet the smooth water of the lake, on whose calm bosom slept the waterlilies.

"Do you not think we had better return, Cecil? The dew is falling, and you are but thinly clad. We must not have you ill again."

"Ah! here comes Nurse Sophy at a slashing pace, to wrap you up and take you in. Now I shall get scolded for keeping you out so long.

"Ah! nurse, I was just telling her ladyship you'd scold. Take her in, she flouts my authority."

Cecil gives him a pretty little smile of reproach, as she submits to Sophy's rule, and hastens away out of the damp air.

Brundel stays behind to smoke and think, both of which he does with a perturbed air.

"What a dolt I was," he commented to himself, kicking a pebble into the lake, and idly watching the widening circles it caused.

"What an unforeseeing dolt, to have raised such a barrier between us. I might have known it was impossible to live in the same house with her and not learn to love her. Poor child, she thinks my heart lies buried;

imagines that she is but an incumbrance to me; fancies I called her wife out of regard to the opinion of society, when I, like a fool, asked her to be what the common folk called churched in public to avoid scandal, and told her I would never intrude my claim upon her, that she should live respected by me as a sister, I never thought that she, my cherished one, could love me, or that I should ever beat against the barrier of a damned-in passion without the courage to claim my heart's desire.

"So, we continue to live on, in name only, man and wife. But it cannot be; I must speak to her then; if she cannot give me a wife's devotion, I must go abroad for awhile; I cannot live on here like this, eating out my heart with longing for her love."

Then, turning on his heel, he walked rapidly towards the house.

At the threshold his valet met him with a yellow envelope.

"I was coming to seek you, sir; a telegram just arrived for you."

Brundel took it, and read it with flashing eyes.

It summoned him to town to defend a heavy case; it promised him renown and honor in the world's sight, so it flattered his ruling vice—ambition.

His discontent, even his love, was for a while forgotten.

"Be ready to start with me to town in an hour, Phillips," he said, crushing the important missive in his pocket, and going at once to his wife's boudoir.

Cecil was lying on a low couch, reading, and looking a wondrous pretty picture in the soft lamp-light; she looked up at the sound of her husband's step, smiling a welcome,—he so rarely joined her in the evening.

He came forward and knelt at her side while he told her of his journey.

She looked pale at hearing he was going at once, and said sadly:

"Must you really go so soon—when do you return?"

"Oh! I can't say how long I shall be detained, but I will soon return, if only for an hour or so, to see how you get along; but, Cecil, are you not too careless of yourself? There is a great draught from the open window, and your shoulders are bare; will you not take cold? These dinner-dresses are very charming, but, I fear, injurious."

As he spoke he laid his hand on her soft white shoulder kindly.

She flushed warmly at his touch, and he continued:

"They are such pretty shoulders; 'tis a sin to hide them; but remember, I have sworn to cherish you, and I fear you are not yet strong."

When he had finished speaking he pressed his lips to the soft shoulder, and then asked: "Are you sorry I am going, sweet?"

He felt her shiver beneath his touch, and for one brief moment there was silence between them; then her bare arms stole about his neck, and she whispered:

"Indeed, my husband, I am sorry; it is the first time we have been parted since you brought me home months ago;" and, half-frightened at her own daring, she pressed a timid, fluttering kiss upon his forehead.

It was the first time she had kissed him, and he, with sudden passion leaping in him, caught her to him, covering the sweet face and drooped eyelids with burning kisses.

A gentle knock at the door caused him to release her, all too soon, and he left her, with a whispered blessing, to join Phillips who had come to tell him they must leave at once to catch the express.

Brundel found his work too urgent to allow him to steal away where dwelt his heart's desire, he contented himself with writing bright little missives to his wife.

"I must not startle my shy, sweet dove by all at once assuming a lover's ardor; I must woo my wife cautiously: Heaven bless her!" he told himself.

So the hungry heart of the patient girl wearied itself with wishing for his love, and Cecil thought his kind eye and loving farewell were brought about merely through momentary tenderness, born of pity and goodness.

She read with pride his praises in all the papers; perused unwearingly his long eloquent speeches, and thought him in her heart a hero, while he worked with a will, each day earning new laurels.

It was his nature, and perhaps the secret of his success, that he threw himself heart and soul in whatever work he had to do.

Cecil was unjust for once; she fancied her husband lingered away longer than he had need to do.

One morning brought her a letter from him, saying he hoped to return in a few days.

The letter went on to tell her that he had, as she desired, settled a small income on her aunt Hester, who, with her hopeful son, had started for a lengthened tour on the continent, in the wake of a very wealthy but vulgar heiress.

"We may wish him *bon voyage*," he continued. "I have also a piece of news that I fancy will please you. Your old friend, the French doctor, is in London, on a matter of business, in which it has been my good fortune to be able to assist him.

"He has promised to spend a few weeks with us before he returns to *la belle France*. I have asked Brownlow to meet him. I am tired, good child, and intend on my return, while resting on my laurels, to exact all a husband's privileges—first and foremost among them, being a right to be petted."

Cecil smiled to herself, thinking her task would be a very pleasant one if her husband cared enough for her to keep her to it. After wandering about the house a while, seeking for something to employ her restless mind, she came to the library, and picking out a volume of Tennyson, was soon deeply buried in poetic visons.

At last, turning over the leaves in search of something she had not read, she came upon the lines her husband had quoted to her the night he left for town.

She read them eagerly, and wished he had it in his heart to quote the whole. With a little sigh she repeated them to herself:

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up.
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me."

With these sweet lines on her lips she fell asleep, and dreamt a dream of love.

Later in the day she drove out to see her poor people. She made a charming Lady Bountiful.

Sad-faced woman watched for her coming, glad to pour their troubles in her sympathizing ear. Old people caught a glimpse of their lost youth, as at times a despondent prisoner finds his gloomy cell visited by a passing breath of summer, in the golden bands of sunlight that fall upon his prison floor, in her bright, cheering presence.

Little children came unabashed to nestle in the pretty lady's arms; and sick folk forgot their pain, while listening to her gentle voice as it spoke to them, in simple loving tones, of that far haven where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Cecil's loveliness returned to her when she came back to eat her dinner in lonely state, and she was glad to go to her bright little room, and make society for herself out of sweet sounds. She played on and on, losing her thoughts in the dreamy prayerful music.

Presently her fears found voice in song; her sweet rich tones filling the room with floods of melody, faint and sweet, as the beat of angel's wings. Unknowingly she had a listener; her husband had returned, and, guided by her music, sought her in her room where he stood silent, entranced by the harmony; and strangely moved by the sight of the lonely little figure with the pathetic voice; the words of the song sounded to him like a reproach. They were—

"Shall it ever more be thus,
Spirits shall imperious,
Shall we never firmly stand
Soul to soul as hand to hand;
Are the bonds eternal set
To retain us—Strangers yet?"

As the last words sadly fell from her lips, he sprang to her side, saying, in answer to her bitter plaint.

"No, unless you so will it, sweet wife."

She rose to her feet, with a cry of exceeding gladness, and nestled on his broad breast, with sweetest words of welcome.

"Oh, wife! wife!" he said, regretfully, "we have wasted our love in loneliness, but it never must be so again. Look up, darling, and tell me you love me, even as I love you, with all the strength and passion of my soul. Answer me, Cecil, for my heart is athirst."

Clinging closer, with a voice that was in itself a caress, Cecil said.

"I love you, my husband—have loved you long—and prayed my life's best prayers to win your love."

"And have won it, my heart's desire. Now we can feel the full measure of the sweetness continued in those good, pregnant words—'Man and Wife.'"

[THE END]

How the Ball Ended.

BY ALBERT MARTIN.

I WAS dreamily reclining in the balcony of my house in Cuba one evening, the half-burnt cigar almost dropping from my fingers, when I became aware, by the barking of Jack, that some one was making his way up stairs.

Turning rather lazily, shading my eyes from the strong light within, I waited with true West Indian patience for a glimpse of my visitor.

Jack's welcoming bark proclaimed the arrival to be a well-known individual; and I felt relieved; for the mail had been distributed that day, and I was too tired with work to feel in a humor for entertaining any but an intimate friend.

"Hollo! Fred," I exclaimed, as I caught sight of the figure of a tall, stalwart, young fellow. "Is that you?"

Without replying to my unnecessary query, Fred advanced, and throwing himself into a comfortable bamboo chair opposite, said that I was the very man he wanted to see.

"I know why," I remarked. "You want to know if I am going to Montero's? What sort of an affair it is going to be? Who are going? And last of all, is she going?"

"Of course, that's why I came round here, for I knew that Inez would send you word as soon as it was arranged. Are you going?

"Well, perhaps I am. But you know that you don't care a rush whether I am going or not, and that your chief, I may say only anxiety is as to whether she is going.

"Let me relieve your anxious mind at once. She is. But it was hard work to persuade her. You know that she was going into retirement to the convent for six weeks; she had forsworn dancing and all the other little social allurements; but Inez managed it all splendidly."

"Do you know that from Inez herself?"

"Yes, I was there last night."

"But I thought she was going to no more dances."

"So I have just told you, and you knew it already, or at least that she said she had done with them, but then she had heard that you were not going, and it was not until Inez had vowed that you would be there, that she changed her mind, and agreed to go. But I say, old fellow, you must look out for yourself, and now I am speaking seriously.

"You know as well as I do that Juan Morillo is pretty far gone in that quarter. He is a man I don't like, and the fact that Conchita cordially detests him, makes me all the more anxious to put you on your guard. He is to be there, so be careful, and keep clear of a row."

For some weeks past we had known that Don Carlos Montero was going to celebrate the anniversary of his wedding by giving a grand fete at his country estate.

Don Carlos did nothing by halves. A splendid estate and ample fortune enabled him to gratify desires which in any other country than Cuba would have seemed extravagant whims, and whether it was a picnic or a ball, those who were fortunate enough to be invited were sure of a hearty welcome and a glorious time.

The momentous day arrived at last, and never had the Cuban sun shone on a merrier party than that assembled at the station at six in the morning.

About a dozen dark-eyed senoritas, chaperoned by three or four mammas, quite enough, too, the girls thought, and seven or eight gentlemen, married and single, nearly filled the long railway car, open from end to end, which was specially engaged to take us to our destination.

A smart ride of half an hour brought us to the long avenue of Indian laurel trees which led up to the house, and in a few moments more we were there.

I need say nothing about our welcome, it was a truly Cuban one, and only those who know the Cubans, can understand how sincerely demonstrative it was.

As evening drew on we were obliged to exchange our cool white drill suits for something stodier and heavier.

When, after dressing, we descended to the *sala*, we found that the guests were already arriving in numbers.

Fred and I were standing together near one end of the *sala*, and Conchita, who had come out from town with our party in the morning, was standing with Inez not very far from us, when I saw a gentleman, on whose arm a rather elderly lady was leaning, dart a swift glance, and give a distant bow as he recognised us.

It was Juan Morillo. I looked mechanically towards Conchita, and saw that she was visibly agitated, for the same eyes had met hers.

I repeated in English my previous caution to Fred, and then recognizing some old friends, who entered at that moment, left him.

Precisely at eight o'clock, the hour at which dancing was to commence, the orchestra, which was placed out on the plazza, began the Imperial Quadrilles, always the first dance at a Cuban ball.

By some fatality, I saw that Morillo and Fred were *vis-a-vis* in the set next to ours, and I knew that Conchita had promised to dance that quadrille with her American.

I was so absorbed in looking at them, that I was only recalled to myself by my partner tapping me with her fan as she asked me if I were asleep. I saw no more of them for some time.

Indeed I was so thoroughly enjoying myself, that the excitement and my reliance on Fred's prudence made me forget him and Conchita entirely.

At eleven o'clock we were to have supper, but it was nearly half-past that hour before two hundred, or about one half of the guests, sat down in the immense dining corridor.

The other half, of which we, Don Carlos' most intimate friends, formed part, were to wait until the first had finished, and long enough it seemed, for we were both tired and hungry.

We danced, flirted, and strolled, but at length our turn came, and great was our surprise when the gong again sounded, to find the same table, as though it had not been used at all.

How Don Carlos managed it, I know not, but a fresh relay of viands had been placed on the table, as it were in the twinkling of an eye.

Not one of the numerous dishes broken into, not a spot on the table cloth, not a particle of cork on the table or floor.

It was as though he had had an army of genii in his service. Small wonder that the first two hundred took so long when we saw what was set before us.

It was pleasant to be in that second table, and to know that no hungry crowd was waiting impatiently to succeed us, so we took our time.

When at last we rose, the signal was given for the display of fireworks to commence. At any time, they would have been beautiful, but on this night they were more than beautiful, and could I have stationed myself in the crown of one of the tall palm-trees and looked down on the spectacle, I might have imagined that I was gazing on a scene out of the *Arabian Nights*. The brilliant dresses of the ladies, strangely lit up by the many colored blaze of light from the house in the background, the black and white costumes of the gentlemen, the gay uniforms of the military, and the lights from the cigars, made a fairy scene under that starlit Cuban sky which I shall never forget.

"*Bravo, Brunissimo*, how magnificent!" was the cry when the finest work of the artist was at length displayed.

The applause had scarcely died away, when suddenly, far above the hissing and explosions of the fireworks, were heard two reports of a pistol and the loud shriek of a woman.

The shots came from a shrubbery on the right of the house, and in an instant a score of the party were on the spot.

Bending over poor Fred, who was to all appearance dead, we found Conchita.

"He has gone, there, there," she cried, pointing in the direction of the nearest cane-field, and at once a number of the gentlemen started off in pursuit.

We carried my poor friend into the house, where after some time the doctors, of whom several were at the ball, gave us the gratifying intelligence that he was still alive.

Later on, he was able to tell us how it had occurred.

High words had passed between him and Morillo, who wanted him to fight without delay.

Fred refused to have anything to say to him that night at least, and they parted.

When the fireworks began, Fred and Conchita, no doubt taking more interest in each other than in pyrotechnics, wandered off when they knew that they would not be missed.

It was then that Morillo confronted them, and again challenged Fred to fight there and then.

He again refused, and the refusal had no sooner passed his lips, than Morillo raised his pistol, and firing first at Fred, and then at Conchita, fled through the shrubbery.

At the moment, Fred felt nothing, but almost immediately became unconscious.

Conchita had escaped unhurt.

Fred's wound, though dangerous, might not prove fatal.

He had a strong constitution, and on that the doctors pinned their faith in his recovery.

Of course the ball was brought to a sudden termination, and there were now none in the house but the guests from town.

Three hours after the event, the pursuers returned, no trace of the fugitive having been found.

Fred recovered in time, and six months afterwards, I saw him and Conchita on board the steamer leaving for Europe, where they were going to spend their honeymoon.

* * * * * *

Two years passed away, and during that time nothing was heard of Juan Morillo, although no doubt ever existed in our minds that he had joined the insurrection.

Time showed the correctness of our suspicions.

I was in Santiago de Cuba when one day the Spanish cruiser Tornado, came into the magnificent bay towing the steamer Virginius, which had been captured after a long exciting chase.

The news soon spread through the town that a large number of insurgents' arms and ammunition, were on board, and sincerely we pitied the poor unfortunates whose fate was only too certain.

In the evening, we knew that a number of them had been condemned and, in accordance with Spanish custom, had been placed in the "chapel," where, strongly guarded, and attended by priests, they were to pass their last night on earth engaged in devotions.

At eight o'clock next morning, they were to be shot, and from my balcony I saw the sad procession pass on its way to the place of execution.

The foremost of the prisoners was the captain of the captured steamer.

Above six feet in height, of a noble, commanding presence, which was strengthened by his long flowing gray beard, he walked to his death with an air of quiet dignity, which was strangely in contrast with the demeanor of many of his companions.

I do not mean that there was any flinching in them.

Brave and defiant to the last, the condemned Cubans seemed to glory in the prospect of their approaching fate.

It could be nothing worse than death, that they were sure of, and again their cries rose on the still morning air.

Several of them belonged to some of the best Cuban families, one of them I knew, who, as he passed a house near mine, threw his hat up to some ladies who were weeping on the balcony.

With a start, my eyes fell on a prisoner in one of the last files.

It was Juan Morillo. I pitied him then, and wished I could make him understand it, but he passed without looking towards me.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the hush of silence which everywhere prevailed, was broken by the first sharp volley which sent six souls into eternity. The firing went on until all had paid the penalty.

We have often spoken of our ball and its tragic ending, and when Morillo's name is mentioned, none speak more feelingly of his sad end than Fred and Conchita.

In The Bush.

BY MRS. MARK LEMON.

IT IS IN the Australian bush. Nellie Burke, standing at the door of her father's hut, on the evening preceding Christmas Eve, looks with a far-away expression on the wild scene before her, too intent on her own thoughts to notice the golden glories of the sunset.

The girl's father had been sent beyond seas many years since for misdemeanors of a grave character, and although he had long ago served his time, married, and settled in the new country where fate had launched him, he had never for an instant regarded his punishment as the just reward of his deeds, but on the contrary, would boast of his former exploits with something akin to pride, and thus old Burke's example was not conducive to the general improvement of the neighborhood in which he resided.

Roger Burke's wife had not long survived the birth of her infant daughter, and Nellie had been left to grow up wild and untamed in the company of the rough, uncul

tivated man who sought the companionship of her father.

And yet, amid all these sad surroundings Nellie Burke had contrived to steer her own course, bravely and fearlessly, undaunted by the obstacles which thronged her path.

Her father was ever ready to defend his daughter against any who might overstep the bounds of what he considered due respect, and in course of time Nellie herself found a complete safeguard against any who might cause her annoyance by their too assiduous attentions.

This untaught, rough colonial girl found she had a heart, and that heart once given, nothing could turn it from its staunch allegiance to the man who asked for it even when she was treated with indifference.

Cold as a stone to all besides, Nellie's whole life was bound up in the lawless man to whom she had passed her word, and each frequenter of her father's house soon saw plainly that the only way to Nellie Burke's favor lay through the medium of Steve Sarrell, the leader of all those who sought her father's company.

But he had a rival, Mike Tracey.

Rivals in everything, their fate followed them in selection of the woman they loved, but the Sarrell stepped in calmly and claimed the prize as though it were entirely his due.

Mick Tracey loved her with all the intensity of a man's nature.

Thus matters stood at the time of which we write.

As Nellie stood in the light of the Christmas sunset, many thoughts were passing through her mind.

Anxiously she watched for her father's arrival, in order to impart to him some startling news, of which she had that day been the recipient, and which she sorely wanted his judgment upon.

The bushrangers, it must be remembered, are at all times surrounded by friendly spies, who learn from the townships what efforts are being made towards their capture, and pass it on rapidly from place to place until it reaches the spot where the gang is concealed for the time being.

Thus it is that they manage to elude the vigilance of the police, and remain undetected for so long together.

Sometimes, of course, the police do get an undoubted scent, and when they do, can follow it as closely as a hound.

The news of such a scent having been started had reached Nellie's ears that day, and filled her soul with alarm; the report was rife that the high reward offered for the capture of Steve Sarrel had been doubled, and that his hiding-place among the hills, known only to herself and her father, had been revealed by some traitor to the authorities.

Suddenly, as she stood in the solitude of the evening, her face growing paler as her anxiety increased, she heard behind the hut the long, low whistle which denoted the approach of one of the men for whose safety she trembled.

Turning quickly into the cottage, she shut the door behind her and bolted it securely.

It was a long, low room she entered, lighted by one window on the same side as the door.

At the end of it, facing her as she stood, were two wooden screens, which shut off the sleeping apartments from the house room.

Entering the division appropriated to her father's use, she moved aside the truckle bed, and slipped a small bolt in the rough, unpolished wooden wall.

Part of the wall moved aside, disclosing behind it a low doorway, leading directly into the mouth of a cave in the mountain.

The cave led into a subterranean passage, which the men had dug far into the heart of the hill.

With cunningly contrived signals, they could secrete themselves in many a spot at the least approach of danger.

With huge blocks of stone they could, on emergency, so close up their entrance, as to make it impossible for at least an hour, whilst they had their modes of exit through caves branching from the one in question.

But no such measures had hitherto been necessary, hence it was with a feeling of complete security that Michael Tracey entered Burke's hut on the evening alluded to.

A look of disappointment crossed the girl's face as she entered the house-room, followed by the new-comer.

"I thought it was Steve," she said, coldly, without further greeting. "Why hasn't he come to-day?" I've got some news for him."

"What news?" said Tracey, eagerly, not heeding her uncivil welcome. "Won't I do as well for once? I should think I might, if that's all you want him for," he added, with a sneer. "Steve's sick, and can't come, as it happens, so he's sent me. It was Steve's birthday yesterday, and we kept it, that's all."

The girl grew a shade paler at this remark, but made no comment.

"Mick," she said, earnestly, as she looked up at him with a strange fear lurking in her dark eyes, "I was at Cheerful Creek this morning, and I heard bad news. They tell me the reward for Steve's capture has been raised, and that somehow or other they've got scent of his whereabouts—sure scent too—and that by to-morrow, the police will be in these parts on the track. I wish——"

She broke off abruptly, for the man before her had suddenly grasped her arm, and pointed towards the little window which looked down the long stretch of valley, over which the sunset fell.

"Look!" he whispered hoarsely, as, with her ashen face turned towards the window, her eyes followed in the direction he had taken. "Too late, my lass. Who's that?"

Far down the valley, but coming momentarily nearer and nearer, the terrified girl saw the figures of the men she dreaded—the mounted police.

"Mick," she said, with a catch in her voice, as she struggled to keep calm—"Mick, what does it mean? Fly, man, fly!" she said, almost pushing him from her. "There may yet be time to make off—yet time to save yourself and Steve.

"Don't you see the worst has come, and you're run to earth at last!"

But the man before her stood immovable as a rock, and made no attempt to escape.

"Kiss me," he said, beneath his breath, "and I'll go!"

Without a moment for thought, she raised her face to his and kissed him, wildly, madly, again and again.

Then he left her, and, as she stood by the window watching the approach of the threatened danger, he retraced his steps, drawing the screen behind him as he went but as he entered the little compartment where the secret entrance was, he recoiled for a moment, aghast! for, standing there, a half-drunken witness of the foregoing scene, was Steve Sarrell himself.

Before he had time to speak, Mick seized his arm and forced him through the aperture into the cave beyond.

"Silence—silence, man for your life!" he whispered, hoarsely, in a tone which penetrated the dull brain of his listener.

"Hear what I have to tell before you speak a word, if your muddled brain can take in what I say. We are betrayed, and the game's up, or will be in an hour's time, as sure as my name's Mick Tracey."

Sarrell was sobered in an instant, and turned his bloodshot eyes furiously on his informant.

"Who has turned traitor among us, then?" he said, white with the conflicting terrors which seized him as the dire news fell on his ears. "Who is the dog? What's his name, Mick Tracey?"

"Ask Nellie Burke," said Tracey, with a sneer. "She can tell you more on that head than I can!"

Then, as Sarrell turned on him a face working with stormy passions, he went on with increasing vehemence:

"Listen, Steve Sarrell. You doubt my words—you believe I am telling you a lie. Now, think.

"Who knew of our den beside ourselves and Nellie?"

"Her father!" said Sarrell, hoarsely.

"Her father," returned Tracey, scornfully, "Arn't his plans too mixed up with our own, his safety with our safety, his life with our lives, to allow him to split? No, man, rid your mind of Burke's treachery and take to heart that of his daughter, for that she is at the bottom of this affair I'll wager my life. It never does to trust a woman, as I've told you a hundred times before—only you always know best, and take your own way.

"Even you can go wrong sometimes though, as you'll find to your cost. But time yet remains; as yet the coast is clear.

"Go to her yourself, and get her to deny my words. Prove her true or false, and then we'll make off before her plans bear fruit. We'll triumph yet, old man, and the game shall not rest entirely in a woman's hands."

Sarrell raised his hand to silence his companion, then said, with an unnatural calmness, "I'll go. If your words are true, woe betide our betrayer, if false, look out for yourself."

He turned and quitted the cave where they stood, and disappeared in the direction of the hut.

"Caught," said Tracey, triumphantly, as he watched the retreating figure of the angry man; "caught as neatly as a fly in a web.

"I've even with you at last, Steve Sarrell, old scores are cancelled now, my friend, and the rival has gained the day in a way you little reckon."

With a harsh, horrible laugh, the man laid himself down, to watch and listen for any sounds which disturbed the stillness of the evening; but all seemed quiet and lulled by the silence.

The watcher sank into a deep sleep, undisturbed by sounds which would have startled any ordinary sleeper into wakefulness, but which fell unheeded on the ears of the man who had spent his whole life amid their din—the sound of firearms.

Meanwhile Steve Sarrell, was silently making his way to the presence of the girl whose faith he had believed in, and who had been reported untrue to his interests.

He reached the end of the underground passage nearest Burke's hut, and discerned, by the muffled sounds beyond him, that Nellie was talking to some one.

Nearer and nearer Sarrell drew.

The stranger was speaking. When the throbbing of Steve's heart allowed his voice to reach his ears, this is what he heard.

"Do I understand rightly, that in half an hour from this time you promise, on oath, to deliver up to us the secret of Steve Sarrell's hiding place or answer for it with your own life?"

Then on the stillness Nellie's answer fell.

"I promise," she said, so softly that it scarcely reached the ears of the man who was straining every nerve to hear it.

"And you will not communicate with him, meanwhile, or with any of his comrades?"

"No," she answered, with a strange, harsh laugh. "I'll not move from here. I only ask half an hour to think it over, sir. Sarrell and his gang are old cronies of mine you must remember, and its not altogether so easy to let you run him to earth through my help, you see, gentlemen, but six hundred pounds is a large sum for a poor girl like me, and worth trying for. Only half an hour to think, gentlemen, and I'll not stir from this spot, I swear!"

So saying she seized a chair, and drawing it up to a little deal table by the window, she buried her face on her folded arms, and with her golden hair shrouding her like a veil, she prayed wildly, in her rough, untutored way, that the escape had now been fairly made by Tracey's agency, and that her plan of seeming acquiescence in the pursuer's schemes might effect the safety of the man she so dearly loved.

Slowly the time passed, and within a few yards of the spot on which they waited, stood the very man they sought to capture well-nigh driven to a state of frenzy by what he had heard.

Blind with uncontrollable rage, he made one effort to escape, and began to return the way by which he came, but in the terror of the moment his foot slipped slightly, and he stumbled.

Nellie raised her scared, white face from her arms, and looked wildly round, as the sound fell on her ear. Who could it be? What did it mean? The very room seemed to grow dark before her eyes as the awful suspicion of evil crossed her mind.

Simultaneously with her look of terror, the searchers tore back the dividing partition, and their prey was in their hands.

Steve made a desperate resistance, but the number was against him, and he was brought to earth by a bullet wound in his arm.

He knew then that his course was run, and that his game was up for ever.

Conquered, but revengeful, and undaunted by the presence of so many foes around him, the wounded man in his agony of pain did not for one moment cease to remember the woman to whom he attributed his capture, as she stood with her hands bound, a prisoner like himself.

Not a trace of a tear was to be seen on her statue-like face, but her eyes were fixed on the man she loved with a wild, yearning gaze, as though she saw nothing else around her.

When he fell, a short cry broke from her pale lips, and she sprang forward to his side.

Some touch of pity moved the men to leave her alone, and she knelt by him and laid her face on his, with a mute gesture of utter grief and despair.

But the prostrate man neither spoke nor moved.

Still lower she bent, and whispered to him, "Speak to me, Steve—speak to me. Only one word, for Heaven's sake!"

Then he opened his eyes, and looked at her.

"What is it?" she cried, starting back as she met his awful gaze. "What have I done?"

"Stand in front," he said, hoarsely. "You'll let her, gentlemen won't you?" he added, turning to the men who guarded him. "I can't see her pretty face there."

Meekly, passively as a dog, she obeyed him, and stood before him in her wild, girlish beauty, but never moving her eyes from his face.

In an instant he drew from his breast a small pistol, he had hitherto kept concealed and ere anyone guessed his intention Nellie Burke lay at his feet, dead, with a bullet through her faithful heart.

"That's how I treat all traitors!" he said, calmly, and yielded himself up to the officers without another word.

* * * * * *

The sun rises and sets over the beautiful valley near Golightly Creek, and the mountains keep their stately watch around, guarding among their other treasures a little mound in the upland creek, where Nellie Burke lies dreaming a dream that can only know a peaceful waking.

And Mick Tracey?

Ask the mountains who it was that, after many long years, came one evening and laid his weary, gray head down to rest on the spot where the grave used to be?

Who it was that fell asleep there never to awake? And they would tell you that the strange old man was a hunted felon, who had escaped from prison only to die on this spot of earth, where they had once laid the only being he ever really loved, and that his name was Michael Tracey.

WHIPPING IN SCHOOL.—A public school fifty years ago was a very different affair from what it is nowadays. Different masters would have different ways of inflicting it. One ingenious person would direct a culprit to stand upon the platform, near the desk, and without bending near the knees, touch the floor with his fingers. Then a smart flourish of the rattan and a sudden blow would cause the unhappy youth to involuntarily resume an upright position with diverting rapidity. Sometimes an offender would be asked by another master which instrument of torture he would choose the riding-whip, the ruler, or the rattan. Whichever he seemed to prefer was not the one used, but one of the others would make him smart. When the stock of rattans ran low (and that was not seldom) some victim in disgrace would be dispatched for a fresh supply, knowing that on his return he would feel the first stroke of the rod. With what ingenious refinement of torture the victim was thus made to find the weapon that should wound him!

Of course one became somewhat inured to this rough treatment. It was considered proper to suffer with Spartan firmness, and he who while laid across the master's knee could calmly make comical and derisive faces from his ignominious position, for the entertainment of his associates, without having his attention diverted to other parts of his body, was accounted a brave fellow.

KISSES.

Come hither, womankind, and all their worth,
Give me thy kisses as I call them forth;
Give me thy billing kiss; that of the dove,
A Kiss of Love;
The melting kiss, a kiss that does consume,
To a perfume;
The extract kiss, of every sweet a part;
A Kiss of Art;
The kiss which ever stirs some new delight,
A Kiss of Might;
The twacking, smacking kiss, and when you cease
Kiss of Peace;
The music kiss, crotchet and quaver time;
The Kiss of Rhyme;
The kiss of eloquence, which doth belong
Unto the tongue;
The kiss of all the science in one,
The Kiss alone.
So I 'tis enough!

—A. W.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE were violets in the hedgerows, and primroses in the copses, and a rustle and quiver as of waking life in the reddening woods.

Over breezy uplands where the young corn waved greenly above the brown furrows, through mossy depths where the wild hyacinth held her sheathed buds and the fern her folded fronds, ready for the glad surprise of spring, the young April was calling, with a voice full of glad, sweet tears, "The winter is over; the Storm-King's reign is ended; the time of flowers is at hand!"

At Beechwood Feena Drummond reigned in all the glad happiness of her new wifehood.

Sir Wilfrid held his head proudly and good Lady Drummond sat with her fair hands folded, serenely content that the "daughters of Heth" had passed out of her fears.

At the Rectory the dark days were over, and the glad voice of spring was thrilling through the happy household, from the baby toddlers, who prattled joyfully of the primroses and violets, to Estelle, who opened her heart to the joyous message, and set herself to search with trembling fingers, for some little buds of hope and promise beneath the withered leaves of a dead and past summer.

After the one rebellion against the cruelty of her fate, the one passionate demand for the active work which brings oblivion, she had settled down to the colorless future before her.

"It will be better by-and-by," she told herself, "when that is over."

"That" was the one blow more to be dreaded and waited for—the announcement of Tempest Mervyn's marriage to Christal Melville.

Estelle was like the patient doomed to amputation of a limb, craving to have it all over, and to begin life anew, without the limb, it is true, but without the dread too.

Sometimes, when the pain of this dread was strongest upon her, she would turn to Feena's warmly-proffered friendship, which had come to have a special charm and solace for her.

The young wife was so radiant and bright and it was good to look on at happiness, even as an outsider—to be sure that it was not altogether a thing of her dreams.

She was young enough to shrink from the cold grave of her own hopes, and to be glad of the warmth and light of another's joy.

For the rest, she tried honestly and bravely to fill such place as was left to her in the world.

She suffered the little children's clinging fingers and loving voices to draw her out of herself; she was always ready to share the labors of the busy mother of the household or to aid the Vicar in his parish rounds.

She spent many a sweet quiet hour with Lady Drummond in the pretty Dower House on the outskirts of the park, to which the dowager had retired.

Lady Drummond had a special and tender interest in her dead friend's daughter, and a quiet instinctive sympathy which gave her the clue to what had sorely puzzled Clara Wilmer all through those winter months.

The Vicar's wife could not understand how it was that, when the way seemed all smooth and clear at last, Estelle grew paler and quieter day by day, and Tempest Mervyn made no sign.

There was no pretty idyl of love and constancy after all.

"It is all over—all ended," Estelle had replied to her questioning. "I cannot tell you why; but it is all over. Do not ask me about it, but love me, dear, and let me belong to you. I am such a poor forlorn waif!"—as Clara kissed away the slow-dropping tears.

Her loyal lips were closed on the story of her wrongs; she could not have borne to hear Clara, in her hot zeal, blame her lost lover.

"What can it be?" Clara wondered to her husband.

"Lieutenant Armstrong," tersely suggested the Vicar. "A bird of the air has carried the tale; the hero is jealous."

"But she never cared for him—never!" cried Clara.

"No; but the hero is sensitive. He has heard something—exaggerated, no doubt—and hence the quarrel."

"And we can do nothing then," sighed Clara.

"No, nothing," assented the Vicar, conscious that his former efforts had not been particularly felicitous. "I have come to the conclusion that these matters won't bear meddling with. I shall never attempt any match-making again. We will try leaving these two alone now."

Feena Drummond talked it over with her young husband, and the two grew warm in their championship, and more devoted in their friendship for Estelle, as they saw the sweet face quiver into lines of pain or settle into a pathetic patience.

"I am sorry for poor old Geordie; but she never would accept him," said Feena to her husband, who was in her confidence. "She is of the steadfast kind, and would rather break her heart for her 'ain love' than take another. And why should she break her heart? Why should Christie have come between these two as she nearly ——"—with an arch look at him.

"She did nothing of the kind," Sir Wilfrid contradicted sturdily. "That was a delusion of somebody else's—an excuse, I verily believe, to snub me unmercifully—a device to 'make yourself more to be desired.'"

Feena shook her head.

"You forget," she said, "that I know Christie through and through."

"She is a very fascinating woman," Sir Wilfrid admitted.

"And you had a very narrow escape—confess it!" cried Feena, coloring with a quick jealous little flush.

"I? No; I had a talisman, a counter-charm which saved me," returned her husband, stooping down to kiss the warm red lips which smiled again at his flattery. "But, that shield aside, I can imagine Miss Melville to be a dangerous siren."

"The man must be a poor creature," said Feena scornfully, "to be so easily seduced from his allegiance."

"How do you know it was done easily?"

"I know that it was Christie," replied young Lady Drummond, with a toss of her gipsy head.

"And a prophet has no honor in his own country," laughed Sir Wilfrid. "Think of the circumstances—they were picturesque enough, to say nothing of the young lady nurse with her sympathetic dark eyes and her irresistible get-up—that bewitching cap and the Marie Antoinette handkerchief, and all the rest."

"They made a great impression on you, at all events," retorted Feena. "You remember it all very well."

"As I remember a delicious little Puritan picture by Sir Joshua, or a charming coifed nun by Albrecht Durer," answered Sir Wilfrid, not without a certain mischievous provocation. "One looks at these things from an æsthetic and artistic point of view."

"I would give a good deal to know Captain Mervyn's point of view," said Feena. "How they are heaping honors on him, trying to make amends for his brief eclipse! I feel as I could never bear to look at him again if—if he marries Christie. And there is nothing from Geordie. If there had been anything worth saying we should have heard something from him. They will all be coming home soon, I suppose; the country is quiet now. Geordie was to go somewhere to meet and take charge of invalids, so he said in his last letter. Now that it is all over—the fighting, I mean—and he is safe, I wish Geordie had had some of the glory."

"His own campaign is a glorious, if a bloodless one," said her husband.

"Yes," answered Feena, kindling; "he won't get the Victoria Cross, but he has deserved it as well as the best of them."

"Yes, he is a hero," indorsed Sir Wilfrid warmly.

"I don't think much of heroes!" said Feena scornfully.

"I reserve my judgment," concluded her husband.

The spring advanced on its flower-strewn path.

In the woods the young leaves fluttered like newly-fledged birds of the sunshine, and the blue hyacinths lay like a summer cloud about the red-brown stems.

In Feena's garden, the dainty lilac-blooms scented the warm air; and beneath their perfumed shade Feena had caused her afternoon tea-table to be set, and, with a matronly grace, half-proud, half-shy, was playing the hostess to her own people.

Lady Armstrong and Janet were there, Lady Armstrong creaking uneasily in her wicker garden-chair, and Janet seated luxuriously amongst a heap of cushions and fur rugs upon the grass, on a level with a great blossoming bed of lilies-of-the-valley.

Lady Verney was there too, and with her Estelle Verney.

"Don't go," Feena was entreating of this last; "you must not go—and alone. Wilfrid will be here directly"—looking at her watch; "he and papa rode to Southminster after luncheon. Wilfrid never misses my kettledrum, and he will see you through the park after tea. And you have not been introduced to papa yet. You really cannot go until he comes."

"You need not heap up inducements," Estelle answered, smiling; "one of them is enough—the pleasure of making Sir James Armstrong's acquaintance."

And she sat down again.

"Here they come!" said Feena, as the two gentlemen emerged from the belt of shrubs which shut off the stable entrance on that side. "How solemn and grim they both look! Some surly elector has heard that Sir Wilfrid Drummond goes in for female suffrage, and won't give him his vote, I dare say. Estelle, you and I will go canvassing together again. You can charm a vote out of the most obdurate Radical, and I will drink tea with the old women and nurse the babies. The most rabid opposers of woman suffrage will be won through their womankind. What is the matter, papa?"—as Sir James approached. "Wilfrid,"—jumping up in alarm—"what has happened?"

Sir Wilfrid looked grave; Sir James was agitated.

"My dear," he said gently, "we have brought some—ahem!"—clearing his throat—"some bad news."

Feena turned a little pale.

Sir Wilfrid crossed over to Lady Armstrong.

"You are all here safe," she said, looking with a smile of reassurance from one to the other—"all but" beginning to tremble—"Geordie. Oh, papa!"

"Geordie!" screamed Lady Armstrong, struggling up from her low seat. "Geordie!"

"No, no; it is not Geordie!" cried Sir James, growing red and flustered. "Dame, Geordie is safe and well. Dear, dear"—with an anxious look at Feena—"sit down again! How awkwardly I am managing it! It is sad enough; but it is not Geordie—thank Heaven, it is not Geordie! Gently, my dear"—to Feena. "Don't agitate yourself!"—taking off his glasses and wiping them—"it—in fact——" with nervous hesitation.

"What is it, James?" cried Lady Armstrong, whilst Feena's trembling fingers rattled ominously amongst her cups and saucers, and fair Janet lifted herself, white as a snow-drift, from amongst her crimson cushions. "What is it, James?"

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHAT is it, James?" said Lady Armstrong in trembling tones to her husband. "What is bad news?"

"Christie," began Sir James.

"Christie!" echoed Feena, with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"My dear," recommenced Sir James, still directing all his solicitude towards Feena, "we must remember it was a beautiful death, worthy of her life."

"Then she is—dead!" exclaimed Feena, with a shocked emphasis and a shudder.

"Yes, she is dead—dear girl! It is a great blow," went on Sir James, wiping his eyes. "It has been a sacrifice—worthy of her—worthy of her!"

Lady Armstrong and Janet were sobbing; Feena only looked down with a solemn half-stunned gaze amongst the cropped daisies at her feet.

"How was it?" she asked, in a low hushed tone, presently.

"Cholera broke out amongst the men in hospital; the 'sisters' went back to Mirzapore to nurse them; they were on their way to Madras before that.

"Two of them fell nobly at their post. Christie was one," said Sir James.

"Poor child! Poor dear Christie! Out there all alone! Such a sacrifice!" wept Lady Armstrong.

Feena only sat still with downcast eyes.

"Her death has atoned for all," she was saying to herself. "I am afraid I was hard on her."

"Papa is right; she was a devoted woman. Nobody is all bad. Poor Christie! That is the end then!"

Sir James went over to his wife.

"She has borne it better than I expected," he whispered to Sir Wilfrid, looking back anxiously at Feena.

"I was terribly afraid of startling her." Then he set himself to comfort Lady Armstrong.

Lady Drummond was holding Janet's plump white hand and weeping gentle tears of sympathy with her.

Sir Wilfrid wandered slowly back to his wife's side.

Estelle remained alone in her place. They were not thinking of her; why should they be? This was a family grief; it belonged to them only; they had forgotten the stranger amongst them—all but Feena.

She kept her face sedulously turned away from the shaded corner where one to whom this might mean so much sat apart, with her heart turned to stone, and the pale lilac-petals dropping, in the sighing breeze, over her clasped hands and her uncovered head.

It seemed to Feena, in the long pause which followed, broken only by the silent weeping of the three ladies and the murmured consolations of Sir James, that there was a silence like the silence of death in that solitary corner under the lilac-bushes.

"Estelle," she said presently to her husband, without looking at him—she could not bear to meet her eyes with that name on her lips, that thought in her heart—"Estelle—she must go home.

"They dine early at the Rectory. I promised that you would walk with her across the park."

"Certainly," answered Sir Wilfrid, turning for the first time towards Miss Verney. He too had been unwilling to look towards that silent corner.

She rose as he came towards her and answered him in low whispered tones, as if they were both in the presence of death.

She "would not trouble" him, she said; she need disturb no one; she would slip away quietly, and he would make her adieux to Feena.

But Feena herself came forward, and then Sir James; and in the end both gentlemen insisted on escorting Miss Verney home.

"I have been sitting all day," Sir James said, "and I am quite cramped; the walk will do me good."

He talked all the way of the sad news just received.

He and Sir Wilfrid had found the letter at Southminster; it had come by the afternoon's post.

Geordie had written the melancholy details.

He and Miss Melville had been together only a short time before, and it had been a great shock to his son, Sir James said.

"Horrible climate out there!" he exclaimed. "Thank Heaven, Geordie is coming home! He and Mervyn are both coming with invalids. Mervyn will feel Christie's death as much as any of them—in fact, more. There is—in fact—— Ah, there is no use of speaking of it now! Poor Mervyn is an unlucky fellow; nothing seems to go right for him. Even his Victoria Cross is to be weighted with a great sorrow."

Sir Wilfrid tried to turn the conversation; but Sir James ran on, full of his subject, and Miss Verney answered in strange, far-away-sounding monosyllables, like a person half asleep.

"Poor dear Christie!" sighed Sir James. "It is difficult to understand why such a life as hers should be cut short.

"She was a fine character, Miss Verney. You would have admired her if you could have met—a girl in a thousand! No nonsense about her either—a practical, sensible woman, making the most of her time and her talents.

"I would have trusted her opinion upon any subject; I loved her as if she had been my own daughter. She is a great loss to us—a great loss."

They were at the gate leading into the Rectory grounds now, and Estelle bade her escort adieu.

As he took her hand Sir Wilfrid looked into her face for the first time. She had a sort of rigid, tense look, as if she were walking in her sleep.

"There was nothing like triumph or satisfaction," he said afterwards to Feena; "it seemed to me that she had had a greater shock than any of us."

"I am glad," Feena said, with a sigh of relief. "I could not have borne for even her to be glad. Poor Christie!"

There was no gladness in Estelle's heart, only a great shrinking and a great pity—the pity was for Tempest Mervyn, the shrinking for herself.

She was like some poor soul who awakes from a deadly stupor which she had hoped was death, to find the sorrowful burden of life waiting to be taken up again.

"I thought it was all over," she cried despairingly to herself, "and now—now it is all to begin again!"

* * * * * *

"The moors, the moors! Oh, Estelle darling, take us up to the moors! We have a whole half-holiday, and it is so lovely there!

"You will come won't you?"

Tim and Dorothy and little Lilian are hanging on Estelle's skirts, looking as eagerly into her eyes as if a fateful issue hung upon the forthcoming "Yes" or "No." And Estelle smiles upon the little group and puts away her work.

The summer has been sweeping onwards, in all its pomp and splendor, like a royal progress through the land, and now August has come, and stands breathless on this burning afternoon, looking over its golden fields and its crimson fruited orchards.

Up on the moors it is fresh and breezy even to-day, and Estelle and the children climb upwards through the cool green woods where the lady-ferns spread their graceful trains and dim moths flutter silently up as the young feet stir the tall lush grasses, or the eager fingers reach after a perfumy tassel of wild honeysuckle or a beautiful creamy-white bud of late-blossomed eglantine.

Then the "dim green aisles" are left behind, and the great wide stretch of silent moor lies before them, all aflame with golden gorse and purple with blossoming heather.

There is a sort of brooding glory, a sombre splendor over the hills as they rise and fall, all crowned with the rich deep shadows: a fringe of blue-black pines hangs upon the farthest ridge—a fitting border for a gold-and-purple centre.

There is no sound of human life or presence save the glad young voices which come echoing back as the children spread themselves in a wild delight of freedom over the great billowy purple waste.

The breeze blows freshly in Estelle's face laden with the honey-sweet breath of a thousand flowers; the skylark's mounting song comes thrilling back through the lambent air.

Estelle wanders on, her feet sinking in the crisp purple-red blossoms, her eyes fixed with a strange sort of expectation, for which she chides herself, upon the dusky horizon-line of pines which hides the beautiful white gleam of the long winding Southminster Road.

All day Estelle has been restless, feverish, and strangely over-wrought; all day she has been struggling with that vague expectation which makes her heart beat wildly and her pulses tremble even now in the restful solitude of the deserted moorland.

Surely there must be a thunder-storm threatening somewhere in the sultry distance! Yet the air is clear as amber, the sky a deep sapphire blue, without a fleck of cloud.

The children are chasing butterflies and wading knee-deep through the pungent-scented heather.

Estelle is drawn onwards by the superstitious spell which is over her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BILIOUS DISORDERS, LIVER COMPLAINTS COSTIVENESS, Dyspepsia, &c., are speedily removed by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Forty years use has proved them superior to all other remedies for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended. In their action they are mild and certain, and may be taken at any time without risk from exposure.

Scientific and Useful.

GLYCERINE.—Glycerine to which a few drops of alcohol have been added, is an excellent application for oil-stones on which fine instruments are to be sharpened.

CAST-IRON.—The surface of cast-iron may be softened for turning or planing by immersion for twenty-four hours in a solution of one part of nitric acid to four of water.

HORSES' SHOES FOR WINTER.—A correspondent states that, for upwards of thirty years in England, and also during a residence in Northern Germany, where the variations of frost and thaw are often very sudden, he has always had his horses' shoes during the winter months made with flat-headed screws in the heels, which can be exchanged in a few minutes for screws with roughed heads. The shoes are, of course, a little more expensive.

IRONING.—To secure a gloss when ironing shirts, take of raw starch one ounce; gum arabic, one drachm; white of egg, half an ounce; soluble glass, quarter of an ounce; water, a sufficient quantity. Make the starch into a fine cream, dissolve the gum in a little hot water, cool and mix it with the albumen, and beat up the mixture with the starch liquid; then add the water-glass (solution) and shake together. Moisten the starched linen with a cloth dipped in this liquid, and use a polishing iron to develop the gloss.

SMALL-POX.—Dr. James Moore, of Ironton, Ohio, thinks he has discovered a specific for small-pox in lemon-juice, which he used in his own case with such results as to make him say: "So strongly am I convinced of the power of lemon-juice to abort any and every case of small-pox that I look upon it as a specific of as much certainty and power in small-pox as quinine is in intermittent fever. I therefore publish my experiment hoping every physician having a case of small-pox will give it a fair trial and report the result to me."

TARTARIC ACID IN DIPHTHERIA.—The topical use of tartaric acid in diphtheria has been successfully resorted to by M. Vidal, an eminent French Physician, who in one of the foreign medical journals, remarks upon the necessity of thus making use of topical agents against the false membrane, as it has a great tendency to spread by a sort of auto-inoculation, comparable to what occurs in certain cutaneous affections. His formula is ten parts, by weight, of tartaric, fifteen of glycerine, and twenty-five of mint water. The acid acts upon the false membrane, converting it into a gelatinous mass, and favors its expulsion.

DIES FOR BONE AND IVORY.—*Red:* Make an infusion of cochineal in water of ammonia; then immerse the pieces therein, having previously soaked them for a few minutes in very weak aquafortis and water. Or, boil the bone, etc., with one pound of Brazil dust, in one gallon of water, for three hours; then add a quarter of a pound of alum, and boil for one hour more.—*Black:* Immerse the bone in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, for a short time; then expose it to the sunlight. Or, steep for two or three days, in a decoction made with one pound of galls and two pounds of logwood; then steep for a few hours in acetate of iron.—*Green:* Steep in a solution of verdigris, to which a little aquafortis has been added. Or, dissolve verdigris in weak vinegar, and steep the bone therein.

Farm and Garden.

TO CURE HAMS.—Take coarse salt, with a sprinkle of saltpetre, pepper, and sugar; powder, mix; rub this in well a few times; smoke and wrap closely in paper of four folds or more; pack in dry ashes four inches thick around each ham. They will keep through the hottest of weather and be as good as new.

MEASURING HAY.—To find the number of tons in long or square stacks the following is the rule: Multiply the length in yards by the width in yards, and that by half the altitude in yards, and divide the product by fifteen. To find the number of tons in circular stacks: Multiply the square of the circumfence in yards by four times the altitude in yards and divide by one hundred. The quotient will be the number of cubic yards in the stack; then divide by fifteen to get the number of tons.

ESSENCE FROM FLOWERS.—Procure a quantity of the petals of any flowers which have an agreeable fragrance; card thin layers of cotton, which dip into the finest Florence or Lucca oil; sprinkle a small quantity of fine salt on the flowers alternately until an earthen vessel or wide-mouthed glass bottle is full. Tie the top close with a bladder, then lay the vessel in a south aspect to the heat of the sun, and, in fifteen days, when uncovered, a fragrant oil may be squeezed away, leaving a whole mass quite equal to the high-priced essences.

DEAD ANIMALS.—The following method is given on good authority for not only preventing the escape of disagreeable odors from carcasses, but for converting them into a valuable fertilizer. For a large animal draw four or five wagon loads of muck, sod or mold; roll the carcass on to this, sprinkle freely with quick lime, cover immediately with a generous quantity of soil—ten or twelve wagon loads will not be too much. In less than a year, without giving offense to any one, the owner will have his loss restored to him in part in the form of a goodly number of wagon loads of excellent fertilizing material. Any number of carcasses may be put in a heap together, provided lime and soil are added in proportion to the size of each.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Terms, Without Premium:

$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE,

which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

One copy one year	$2 00
Two copies one year	3 50
Three copies one year	5 00
Four copies one year	6 00
Five copies one year	8 50
Ten copies one year	15 00
Twenty copies one year	28 00

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The illustration in a former number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said then the illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only, as the picture really covers over 500 square inches.

Just think of it, dear reader—a $24 Photo-Oleograph and THE POST one year for $2. In estimating the value of this superb picture, don't compare it in your mind with any chromo you have ever seen. We say to you, emphatically, such a work of art as this was never before offered as a Premium Gift by any publishers in the world.

We mean every word we say about it; we guarantee it to be all we claim for it; we guarantee that you cannot buy it for $2 anywhere; and as evidence of the truth of our statements, we want it distinctly understood that any subscriber who sends for THE POST *one year and the premium "Presenting the Bride," if dissatisfied with the premium may return it to us and we will cancel his subscription and return his money promptly.* IS NOT THIS "A SQUARE OFFER?"

ALL SHOULD REMEMBER THAT "PRESENTING THE BRIDE" IS ONLY OFFERED TO THOSE WHO SEND US $2 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND FIVE THREE-CENT STAMPS TO PAY POSTAGE AND PACKING ON PREMIUM.

Club subscribers must also pay as above to be entitled to this Premium.

Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
723 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
723 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 25, 1882.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK," "A SHADOWED LOVE," and "STRANGERS STILL."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACTILE.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and Po[illegible]

"THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK."

In the present issue of THE POST we begin a new serial under the above heading. It is by a new author, who now makes his first bow in our pages, and we can commend his story to the careful perusal of our readers. It is a powerful portraiture of complicated plot and crime, and will be found in all respects thoroughly interesting.

NOT TO BE DESPISED.

See what may come of a little thing. A spark, blown by the wind, lays a great city in the dust, wiping out in a day the work of many a weary year, treasures of art which nothing can replace,—scattering in an hour great pictures which had been long accumulating, and leaving the busy streets a wilderness. The air is full of seeds of life and death, but no eye ever saw them, and they cannot be weighed, measured, or detected by any instrument made by man. And these invisible germs, or spores, may take the king from his throne, and the beggar from his hovel, and lay them down to sleep together in their common bed of earth.

You take an acorn from your pocket; it is very symmetrical in its form, and the color is pleasing to the eye, but it is small and fragile, and you might easily crush it with your teeth. Instead of doing that, however, you lay it in the soft ground, two or three inches deep, and leave it there. This is the last you see of it, and perhaps you never think of it again. A hundred years hence—long after you are dead and forgotten—a weary traveler lies down to rest under the shadow of a mighty oak; long branches are waving in the wind, birds have made their nests there, a world of foliage is blooming over his head, and he is glad of, and grateful for, the cool and shady retreat. And all this was latent in that little acorn, which you once buried in the earth.

A word is only a breath, and it may be uttered while the pendulum is swinging once; but that quiet "yes" or "no," "go" or "stay" may determine the destiny of the man who speaks it,—if he be a king or a warrior, it may determine the destiny of nations. Once spoken it can never be recalled: it has gone off into space to do its work for good or evil, and you can no more bring it back than you can stop the stars in their courses. How much vain babble might cease if men considered this!

Some small words are very significant, and a man's whole character may be unconsciously betrayed in a single word.

A thought is more attenuated than a breath, it may never find any outward utterance, and yet what is so potent as a human thought? It is the fountain head of everything that makes existence desirable, or converts it into a curse. A snowflake is not much in itself, but if the flakes fall thick enough they can check the movement of the mightiest engine that man ever made. A drop of water is a very insignificant thing, but there is nothing that can resist its influence when it keeps on dropping persistently. It is not so long since a single grain of sand blew a powder-mill to atoms. Little things are not to be despised, for life is made up of them. The loftiest mountain is only an aggregate of grains of sand. The atom is the basis of everything that exists.

SANCTUM CHAT.

"LE PETIT JOURNAL," a penny political daily published in Paris, is said to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world, its daily average being over 500,000; and *Le Vigilant*, published in Sedan, has a daily circulation of seventy-five copies, the smallest in the world.

—

THE dangers of the sea were unusually great last year, and no fewer than 2,039 shipwrecks occured in different parts of the world, being an excess of 359 on the wrecks of 1880. The loss of life increased equally, 4,134 persons perishing, while as a small set-off to these disasters the boats of the British National Lifeboat Institution saved 968 lives.

—

THE Kentucky Legislature is discussing a bill prohibiting free passes on railroads. But this movement towards strict propriety is exceeded by another bill, which would impose a fine of from $1 to $20 on every Kentuckian who lied—that is to say, every one who "by word of mouth attempts to deceive his fellow-man," to use the language of the proposed statute.

—

So far as engineering and financial considerations are concerned, the proposed tunnel under the English channel is now thought to be entirely practicable, and if the political obstacles, arising from anxiety as to the security of England, are overcome, it probably will not be long before one may travel by rail from Dover to Calais.

—

A MOTHER writes to the newspapers, calling attention of parents to the dangerous habit which some nurses have of always carrying small children upon one arm, which brings one leg higher than the other. She attributes the fact that children are sometimes found to have one leg more developed than the other, to this practice.

—

THE cutter in a large tailoring-house says that hardly one man in fifty is of well-balanced shape. Writers, he says, are low in one shoulder, and seemingly short in one leg, the arm on the misshapen side being apparently shorter than the other. Butchers, he says, have usually a low left shoulder, and violinists are high in one shoulder.

—

PLAYING upon the violin is claimed to cure nervousness. The longevity of musicians has been estimated or averaged, and places the performers on the violin in the lead, sixty-seven years. Pianists come next, at an average of sixty-five years; composers, sixty-four; performers on the cornet, flute, and clarionet at sixty-three, and the lives of singers averaging sixty-six years.

—

IT is said that the co-operative stores in Boston will hereafter be conducted on the plan of the Civil Service stores of England. They promise to deal only in the best articles, and give every buyer five per cent. discount from the average market price. Every stockholder will be given a list of forty stores where he can buy goods ten per cent. lower than the ordinary price.

—

A PLAN for inducing the boys and girls of Worcester to read the instructive books in the public library instead of the trash has been successful. It consisted in inducing the teachers in the schools to make a practice of referring, in a casual manner, to the contents of interesting and solid works. Thus the youngsters have been led to choose a kind of reading matter which formerly lay unheeded on the shelves.

—

THE Duke of Portland lately gave a ball at Welbeck Abbey to over 300 of his servants and tenants, and the new picture gallery and the underground libraries were used for dancing and supper—a desecration which must have made the late Duke turn in his grave. The Duke opened the ball in a country dance, the housekeeper being his partner, while Baroness Bolsover, his stepmother, danced with the house steward.

—

LIVERPOOL has a ship stationed in her harbor whose mission it is to reform the young vagrants that grow up in that city, Manchester, and other northern towns. During the past year, two men who were reformed and educated on board this vessel were appointed to command large merchant ships, and seven were made chief officers. Another is generally described in a London paper as "a literary man well known in New York and a constant contributor to the magazines there."

—

THE practice so prevalent now-a-days in all large cities of trying to attract purchasers to shops by placards announcing for sale at low prices goods "damaged by fire," "purchased at bankrupt sale" or "in consequence of dissolution of co-partnership," is being restricted rigidly in Berlin to cases in which such announcements are strictly true. Five shopkeepers in that city have just been arrested, and are to be prosecuted by the municipal authorities for fraud in putting up such placards untruthfully.

—

AN apparatus for freezing meat has just been completed in Queensland, Australia, and the tests of it that have been made are said to be satisfactory. The air, after being compressed, is passed into a receiver, and thence into an expansive cylinder and the freezing-room, reaching the latter at a temperature of 30° below zero. Twenty-four hours are sufficient to complete the process of freezing in the chamber, where the meat remains until taken on board the steamers. Three hundred sheep were recently frozen with entire success. Arrangements are in progress for the completion of steamers with the proper apparatus for carrying this frozen meat to England.

—

THE scraping and washing of Paris houses is obligatory at certain stated intervals, and is one of those laudable measures by which the general air of cleanliness and brightness Paris prides itself so much upon is maintained. The cleansing of facades is at the expense of the proprietors of the houses, and recently the house-owners of the Tenth Arrondissement have received the notification to have this operation accomplished in all cases before the 1st of October next.

—

A BELGIAN instructor of youth, in a somewhat voluminous work, just published, maintains that Homer was born at Brussels of respectable Belgian parents, and that the great epic poet only wrote his Iliad and Odyssey in the Greek language because he attached greater importance to their dissemination among the people of southern Europe than to achieving a mere local reputation as a ready rhymester in his own semi-barbarous country. He also asserts that Troy was not a Greek fortified town, but an English stronghold of the first class, formerly occupying the site upon which, at the present moment, stand the city and University of Cambridge.

—

WE find the following suggestive article in an exchange: "Having entered a pew, move along; do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have anybody else to enter it, or as if you were holding it for some special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the pew invitingly open so that they will know they are welcome. If a pew holding six has five already in it, do not file out in formal procession to let one poor, scared woman go to the further end, but move along and let her sit at the end next the aisle. It is not necessary now for a stalwart man to sit at the end ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once."

—

SHORT hair is again in fashion, and, in spite of all that can be or has been said to the contrary, ladies are sacrificing all that remains of their "crowning glory" which is left from the ravages of bandoline, heated slate pencils, and crimping pins, to the Moloch of the present fashion. These short, rippling locks are to the last degree charming on some heads, but to many ladies it is far from becoming, as it gives them a masculine appearance not at all prepossessing: and even the pretty, round, rosy-faced girls who turn themselves into bewitching little Cupids by this style of coiffure, must remember that they will be obliged to resort to the inevitable Derby hat for a head covering, as bonnets, hats, and the stylish little French toques cannot well be kept secure without some foundation to which they may be fastened.

—

THE dove is the prescriptive bird of Love and the poets. What would our Tennysons and Longfellows do without the wealth of metaphor drawn from the soft cooings and gentle dalliance of the birds of Venus? Poets, however, must keep away from the Zoological Gardens. It seems hard and harsh to upset at once the legends of mythology and the imagery of the verse-makers, but the rude fact must be asserted that the dove, as shown by experience with many specimens of his tribe at the "Zoo," is anything but a well behaved bird. Besides other bad habits, he is a vindictive and relentless b awler, and during the love season he is in constant warfare. Nature fortunately has not given him sharp and fatal weapons, but with the joint of his wing he can strike a blow of amazing force and precision. The mellow cooing which the poets ascribe to affection is far more likely a challenge to combat than a gentle note of love. But, on the other hand, certain birds of prey—the eagle, the vulture, and the buzzard—to which we attribute all the vices, become in captivity at the Garden most staid and reputable birds, dwelling together in harmony, and giving no trouble to their keepers. They cannot change their diet, but they succeed in establishing a character for domesticity and good behavior that some of their more reputable compeers would do well to emulate.

BECAUSE.

Why did we meet long years of yore?
And why did we strike hands and say,
"We will be friends, and nothing more?"
Why are we musing thus to-day?
Because, because was just because,
And no one knew just why it was.

Why did I say good-bye to you?
Why did I sail across the main?
Why did I not love Heaven's own blue
Until I touched these shores again?
Because, because was just because,
And you nor I now why it was.

Why are my arms about you now,
And happy tears upon your cheek?
And why my kisses on your brow?
Look up in thankfulness and speak!
Because, because was just because,
And only God knew why it was.

My Brother.

BY MARKHAM HOWARD.

MY BROTHER Atholl and I were left orphans before we were old enough fully to understand the bitterness of our loss; and we grew up together in the house of our father's widowed sister, who, when she had pitifully taken the lonely little boy and girl into her childless home, felt that she had done for them all that she was called upon to do.

Every morning we separated at the door to go to our different schools; and every evening we repeated to each other all that we had learned so hungrily.

But, though our lives were full of longing for the happiness and love which we knew to be in other houses and not in ours, we never uttered a word of this to each other even then.

There was a strange shy pride always between us, not usual, I trust, between brother and sister—a pride born of a deep, silent, watchful love, which made us hesitate to bring our own sorrows into each other's lives.

I know that this hesitation amounted almost to fear in both our hearts, but most in mine; and, while I kept my yearnings and disappointments hidden from Atholl, I kept from him, too, the rare, sweet happiness of utter sympathy.

Atholl was little more than a boy when we lost the aunt who had adopted us; and, as her property had been only a life annuity, we two were left to brave the world together, alone and penniless. The kind old lawyer who told us this looked long and keenly into Atholl's brave young face as he spoke; and after a pause told him quietly that he would take him into his own office, where he might rise rapidly as he liked. How well I remember Atholl's grateful pride; and how I went away to hide my happy tears, because, in the old town where we had grown up together, we were to live together still—I keeping house for Atholl.

Year by year my love for my brother grew and deepened, yet still that silent shadow lay between us.

I used to feel that our natures were too much alike, perhaps, to show the sympathy which I sorely needed yet could not give. We were both passionate, firm, and reticent, reserved in act and word.

Now, looking back, I know that I was the one who ought to have lifted the shadow—that many a time my own shy reticence coldly held Atholl back when he would have taken me a little nearer to his heart.

Dearly as he loved me, I knew it was not with the same passionate, engrossing love which filled my heart for him, and I was jealous that this should be so. Even in the far-off time, before another love found place in the world but each other—mine was the greater loneliness.

Atholl was all in all to me; but I knew that he had a friend and dear companion in the art he loved—a friend with whom he spent long hours of pure and deep enjoyment—a companion with whom he never could feel lonely.

How often and how vainly have I wished that I could share this happiness. But I could not understand the music he loved: I could not even love it because he did, and I tried to believe that in that lay the secret of Atholl's not understanding me, and not loving me with a love which was as jealous and engrossing as my own.

The pride and boast of our little town was its Philharmonic Society, and Atholl had belonged to it ever since it had been formed, his acknowledged taste and exquisite skill raising him slowly above all the average performers, and placing him at the head of the orchestra when he was little more than a boy.

It was at these Philharmonic practices that Atholl first met Major Cahill and his daughter Clara. Major Cahill had come a stranger to the town; but, both he and Clara being musical, they joined the society at once—he playing the violin, she the harp.

Then Atholl met them at the musical parties in the town, to which he was alway invited.

Major Cahill was courted a great deal, being rich and influential; but still, as a musician, Atholl always ranked above him.

I think he never forgave my brother for leading, and could not bear being placed below him on the public orchestra; but Atholl himself, did not guess this. I think his heart was too full of hope just then to leave room for mistrust of any kind.

I saw the gradual change, and from that time my life was shadowed by my fear for him. Knowing there was such a trusting hope in this first love of his, yet knowing what a gulf, in the world's eyes, lay between my brother and the girl he loved, was it strange that my life was shadowed by my fear for him?

I watched the hope taking deeper and firmer root in his heart; and at last I could not bear to hear him mention Clara's name, or to see him happy with a happiness which I might not share.

Nor could I bear to see his eyes soften to such ineffable tenderness when he took up his violin, going to it as to a friend who felt with him, sympathized with him, understood him.

How jealous I was of it then—longing, when I saw him hold it so caressingly, to go between, and beg him to shower on me only a little of the love he bore it!

But still the shadow of my own shy pride would come between, and—standing beyond the shadow—I was content to love him, yet to let the art he worshipped be his friend and comforter; and I had no friend and comforter at all, while the anxiety I felt for him seemed often almost greater than I could bear.

Sometimes—though the times grew rarer and rarer—Atholl spoke of Clara wistfully, as if, having broken the ice of his own reserve, he longed for me to speak frankly of her too, but I could not.

From the very first I had felt that this love of his was hopeless, and I shrank from hearing his confident thoughts with a dread that was cowardly—and cruel, too, in its intense pitifulness.

I used to sit at home alone, and picture him as he played in the same orchestra with Clara—used to picture them, he standing just above her, as I fancied he must—until at last the longing to see the reality of this picture grew unbearable.

So one night I went, and sat apart in the dark room, and looked up into the orchestra; and there I saw them just as I had seen them in my thoughts.

Clara, bending over her harp, seemed to love the instrument almost as my brother loved his violin; but once, when she raised her face to his, I fancied, while I read it, that there was still a deeper love within her heart, as there was still a deeper love in his.

A fair and beautiful picture she made, sitting at the gilded instrument, her soft bright dress falling round her in sumptuous folds, her pure young face rapt and earnest.

There were one or two gentlemen hovering about her, and I hoped Atholl would notice how willingly and pleasantly she spoke to all.

For a few minutes there was a pause for the leading violin; and, while Atholl dropped his bow, and Clara played on below him for those few minutes, the wonderful light upon his face almost frightened me.

Was she, in his heart, a part of the music that he loved, or did the music speak to him of her?

Once more his violin struck in, and then again his whole soul was in the music.

When the practice was over, I waited in intense anxiety to see my brother and Miss Cahill separate.

For a minute Clara rose and voluntarily spoke to Atholl, as he stepped down to her; in the next her father had hastily summoned her.

But my heart beat angrily, for I knew that it was cruel of her to have spoken to him at all, there in the midst of the crowd, while he stood with that love—which every one could read—upon his face—cruel of her to let him leave her with that dazzling light of hope within his eyes—cruel then to turn and speak to others with a smile, while he went in silence from the hall.

I had noticed that Major Cahill never spoke to Atholl through the whole practice, and that was the only circumstance which I dared to speak of after Atholl had heartily laughed at me for going to hear what I did not care for.

He flushed hotly then, and hastily turned the subject. I saw that he wished me to speak to Clara, but again I shrunk from it. I spoke of the approaching concerts, knowing the pleasure Atholl always had in them; but I could not mention Miss Cahill.

At last, with a dreamy happiness in his eyes, he told me, unasked, how passionately he loved her.

"Now that you have seen her," he said, gently, "I feel that you can understand how I have learned to love her, Margaret."

In low, calm words, never broken by the passion burning at my heart, I warned him that this love would be the sorrow of his life.

"Even if so," he said, in grave and quiet tones, "I cannot live my life without it."

"An unreturned and slighted gift," I remarked.

"But if she loves me, Margaret? There are moments when I feel she does."

"If she does, Atholl, it is worse still; for she must know to what disappointment she is leading you."

How cold and unmoved my words sounded, while my heart seemed breaking, just as if it could itself feel the agony which was being prepared for Atholl!

I told him nervously that I was sure Major Cahill did not guess the truth, or he would have spoken to him himself.

For a few moments Atholl sat in thought, a still, stern look in his eyes. Then he rose, saying, half to himself and half to me, that he would write to Major Cahill that very night, and to Clara, too.

I wished him good night and left him at his desk.

I have thought since that he might have liked me to sit with him then, but I let him fancy my silent anxiety of coldness; and so I seemed to be receding farther and farther from my brother's heart.

I went to my own room, and, while he thought that I was sleeping, I moaned on my restless pillow for the happiness which I felt was soon to be dashed from his lips.

Hour after hour I listened for his step upon the stairs, but never heard it; and in the early morning, from the room where I had left him, rose the wondrous, restless tones of his violin.

These broke down the harshness of my grief, and, burying my face, I sobbed at last loudly and passionately.

I did not know what he played—I did not know what grand old master spoke through the passionate harmony, but I knew, so well! that a wild, sweet hope breathed in every tone, and I knew what I would have given had the hope been crushed to death before it had been uttered—even thus.

A few days afterwards Major Cahill's answer came to Atholl, the letter which was to contain Clara's answer, too.

I was alone when it was brought in, and I took it at once to Atholl's room. He opened the door to me with his gentle, pleasant smile, and I put the letter into his hand without a word, and went away.

All day I waited for him, but he never came. Breakfast, dinner, and tea all went away untasted; I could not summon him, knowing what a mockery the meals would be to him, and I could not taste them myself.

So I sat waiting for him through that weary day, and at last, in the early darkness, I heard him coming down the stairs.

I went out to meet him in the hall, but, when I looked into his white, stern face, I hesitated, and while I did so, he passed out into the darkness.

Oh, if I had put my arms about him in his loneliness, and left a kiss upon his rigid lips, that night would have been less hard to live through! But I had let him go, and that lost moment I could not recall.

The dawn was breaking when I heard him return; the slow listless footstep softly passed my door, for Atholl always thoughtful for me, fancied I was asleep, forgetting him.

I was glad he could not see me leaning against the door within, feeling his pain in every nerve.

My one cause of thankfulness then was that the art he loved could not prove false to him; and now I was glad that the concert of which he had thought and spoken so much was drawing near.

Yet I dreaded for him the next practice, and waited for his return in great anxiety. He had a bitter struggle before he could force himself to go as usual, and when he came back to me I saw that the struggle lasted still.

Next morning I handed him the familiar envelope with the motto of the Philharmonic Society on the seal.

"Your concert tickets, Atholl," I said; and both will be used this time, for I am coming with you."

He opened the envelope with a little smile, and drew out—not the tickets, but a letter.

After reading it to himself, he passed it on to me, and went away. The note intimated to Mr. Stuart that for the future the society would dispense with his services as First Violinist, Major Cahill having kindly volunteered to take his place, in consequence of Mr. Stuart's unaccountable misconception of his part on the previous night.

Unaccountable!

I read the formal words again, and in the silence, as I sat alone, a cry was wrung from my very heart.

Atholl never spoke to me of this letter, nor did I speak of it to him; but from that very hour, day by day, I saw him change. No word was ever whispered of the old hopes, no note was ever won from the instrument he loved.

And I knew that life was fading for the want of what it fed upon. So was it wonderful that, as I watched my brother fighting with such suffering as I think only men can know, I should hate, with all my heart, the jealous contempt and the shallow coquetry which had given it him?

Yes, I knew I hated Clara from the very depth of my heart—and there was no shame in the knowledge.

I never tried to do otherwise. And when, after a long year had passed, we heard of Major Cahill's sudden death, I rejoiced, in my bitterness, that Clara herself should feel at last what sorrow was. I even wished that she had been left poor and desolate in a cold, unloving world, to feel its keenest breath of loneliness.

But, far from that, she would be wealthier now, and the world would smile upon her even more than it ever had; while Atholl drifted slowly from the bright, promise-laden shores of his early manhood, and I watched, with dim and aching eyes, the wide, gray loneliness around him, which I could neither warm nor brighten.

* * * * * *

Atholl had been at the office all day, and I had been prepared to see him looking very tired when he came in, but the moment I saw him I read more than that.

I knew, without a word being spoken between us, that at last he had heard—what had been told me long before—that Clara Cahill was soon to be married to a gentleman whom we had often seen with her, a Mr. Mortimer, who lived a few miles out of our quiet Western town.

Atholl lay back in his chair beside me in silence, and the sunlight fell caressingly upon his wasted, weary face.

I leaned my head upon his cushion, feeling sadly that it would be better to meet the end at once than lengthen out this pain.

Atholl could never get well here, and how could I take him away, when only by his daily work could we live?

Thinking over all the wrong that had been done him, the old hatred grew strong and passionate within my heart, and I cried to myself that she who had wrought this evil on my brother should not know all happiness herself.

He was lying with closed eyes—sleeping, I fancied—and I sat quite still beside him, and wrote to Mr. Mortimer to tell him that Miss Cahill had been false and deceitful all her life, and was not worthy the love of an honorable man.

Such a letter of course I could not sign—such a bitter and revengeful deed of course I could not acknowledge; but I think I felt relieved when it was written—simple truth, as I felt it to be—and with it in my hand I bent to kiss Atholl, before I went out to post it myself, secretly and safely.

"Don't go, Margaret," he whispered, "unless it is necessary, is it?"

"Not necessary to-night," I confessed, regretfully.

"Then stay with me. Read to me, speak to me, or only sit beside me, if you will. I dread to be alone to-night. I feel as if—Give it me, just once more, Margaret."

He had little need to point to his violin as he spoke. I brought it to him, still with the letter firmly held in my left hand.

He began to play, softly and slowly, but in a few minutes gave me back the instrument, with a faint smile.

I knew he was thinking of the entreaty which had at last been sent him to retake his old place in the orchestra.

"Every note goes through my brain, Margaret."

"Oh, Atholl," I cried, feeling how what had been the very essence of his life was killing him, "if I could but help you. I can do nothing."

"Nothing, dear. There is nothing for us to do, except be patient. There will be no feebleness and discord in the music I shall hear by-and-by."

The summer twilight faded slowly and peacefully, the stillness and the hush of our shadowy room seemed to lie on all the town; the very footsteps, as they passed below our windows, sounded far off and faint, far off and faint, like the whispered words which broke at last our long, long silence.

"Margaret, I can hear her step. She is coming."

I dared not trust myself to meet the feverish gladness of his eyes, I bent my face upon his pillow, in speechless pity for the unreality of this wild waking dream.

But presently, I sprung up suddenly, for a soft step had crossed the room and paused beside me.

There she stood close to me—Clara herself—the beautiful eyes saddening as she gazed on Atholl, the young face full of unutterable love and regret.

She too, had a letter in her hand, and as she gave it to Atholl I held mine all the more tightly.

"Atholl," she whispered, very low, "did you write this—long ago—to me?"

Hardly moving his eyes from hers for an instant, he yet could recognise his own letter, written and posted in such hope a year before.

"Yes," he answered, in a voice which sounded cold and far away, "and received your answer in your father's letter to me. He said you wished him to tell me that—that the desire of my heart could never be—that you loved some one else. Don't let us speak more of this. Let me rest.

"Atholl, Atholl," such a yearning whisper it was, "I never knew of that letter. I never knew of this one you had written to me until now, until this very hour, I found it amongst my father's papers. And I came at once. Atholl, you must have known that I could never have sent that message to you."

"Your father said it, and all this time you have been silent."

His voice was passionless and sad, revealing all the hidden hopelessness of that time through which she had been silent, but I could see a strange new light dawning in his eyes.

She stood before him looking down upon his quivering face, her hands clasped, but as she read the suffering which had left its marks there—and so knew what this year had been for him—she stooped, and, with a blush upon her wistful face, she laid her lips upon his worn, white cheek.

"All this time, Atholl," she whispered, with shy tenderness, "I have been wanting you, hoping you would come—always hoping, always wanting you—Atholl."

I saw Atholl's face just for one instant, and I felt I could have fallen at Clara's feet, to thank her for the life she had brought back.

But I only crept away, and tore up the letter which had told such a falsehood—little guessing that a few years afterwards, when Gerard Mortimer had grown to be a true friend to us as well as to Clara, I should tell him one day in penitence—as I had long before told her—how and why I had written that letter—little guessing how he would laugh and answer that it could have had no effect, because he and Clara were old friends, tried and proved—little guessing that then—quite grave again—he would tell me there was but one in all the world from whose lips an evil word could hurt him.

But it all happened so at last, and I knew whom he meant, and prayed in my heart that some day I might be as little deserving of any evil words as Clara had been of those which I had written.

So, after all, when the first parting came between Atholl and me, it was not a sorrowful one for either of us, because the old shadow could not live in the gladness and gratitude of our hearts.

And, though Atholl's home, flooded with love and sunshine as it is, is mine no longer, I know that we are nearer to each other now, even than we were in those old days through which we lived together.

Ah, little Clara, with your glad, candid,

trustful nature, no wonder that you crept so closely into my brother's heart, and no wonder that my own home should be the brighter and the better for the lessons that I learn in yours and his!

Our Young Folks.

SOME BLACKBERRIES.

BY PIPKIN.

I.

YES, all sorts of bright, beautiful colors were in the woods—red, yellow, crimson, rich brown, besides dark glossy green; for the holly leaves take no notice of the autumn tints, but grow greener and greener.

And in the woods two children were playing; their merry voices rang out with a pleasant sound, and their feet trampled and crushed the crisp shining leaves that had already fallen.

"Oh, what blackberries! Do come here, Charley; I believe they grow larger and larger every step we take."

"I don't believe they are as large as those on my bush," returned Charley; "mine are monsters. Won't they make a capital pudding. I am glad we thought of doing such a useful thing."

"Yes," said Maggie, thoughtfully, "it will save mother the trouble of thinking about a pudding, for cook will say, 'There are the blackberries ma'am; we can have blackberry pudding.'"

And the children gathered and gathered the fine ripe fruit until they had filled their baskets.

"Mother says that every one in the world can do some good. It does not matter how small a thing it is; if we do it because we want to do something good, that is enough. Perhaps if we tried to do something good and useful every day, just one little thing, we should get into the way of it."

"But what good can we do Charley? When the blackberries are gone there will be nothing else in the woods for puddings."

"There are other things besides puddings," replied her brother.

Maggie had seated herself on a mossy stump, and was covering her berries with leaves to keep them cool.

"What do you say to a stroll along the river?" said Charley; "we can leave our baskets here, and come back for them. Come along, Maggie."

On went the children, and wondering where the river would lead them if they only wandered along far enough.

Soon they met a little girl who had evidently been on a similar errand to themselves.

"Why, Liz," said Maggie, "what a quantity of blackberries you have got."

"Yes, miss," returned Liz, "I hope I've got ten or twelve quarts.

"A lady has promised mother fourpence a quart for them, and I've been out ever since quite early gathering them.

"It will be a deal of money for us, miss, and just to come of the berries that grow on the hedges. I wish the basket held twice as many."

And Liz went her way, whilst Charley and Maggie continued their walk.

Suddenly Maggie said.

"If we had helped Liz to carry the basket a little way it would have been doing a good thing.

"She looked so hot and tired. Then we should have done two useful things."

"Well, it's too late now," answered Charley, "she's out of sight, and she'll be sure to make the best of her way home."

And again the children strolled along, enjoying the beautiful river, when Maggie came to a sudden stop, exclaiming.

"What is that?"

"It's some one calling out. I wonder if any thing's the matter. Let us go and see," said Charley, turning abruptly.

"It may be some one in the river," said Maggie.

"I think not; it's more like some one crying.

II.

Close by the gorse-bush where Charley and Maggie had hidden their blackberries, a little girl sat wringing her hands, and crying bitterly.

Her sunburnt face was all smeared with dust and tears, and one would scarcely have known her for the happy little Liz who had been so smiling but a few minutes before.

Her basket was wedged in among the rushes, and the handle was partly broken. It would not have been very difficult to get at it the child had taken off her shoes and stockings and waded in a few steps; but she did not seem to care to recover the basket, the sight of which made her burst out crying afresh.

"Why, Liz," said Charley, "what is the matter, Liz? Where are the blackberries?"

With a great effort, Liz sobbed out.

"Gone," and pointed to the water.

"Why, how did they get there?" said Charley; "but I think I can get them for you, and I dare say the water won't have hurt them much."

And Charley took off his shoes and stockings and rolled up his trousers. "Now Maggie, hold fast by the paling, so that you can give me your hand."

"You mustn't go far, Charley," said Maggie, "it may get deep in a minute."

No, Charley would not step out beyond the rushes; he could reach the basket from there.

"I have it," said he, triumphantly. But his triumph was not of long duration; for the partially broken handle gave way altogether, and the blackberries poured out into the water.

"That's the way it did when it fell in," said Liz; "half the blackberries rolled out, and now the others are gone."

And again she gave herself up to despair.

With Maggie's help, Charley scrambled up the bank again, and dried his feet in the long grass.

"The basket isn't worth fishing out," he said, "it's all going to pieces. You should have had a stronger one, Liz."

"We hadn't got another, and I was carrying it very carefully, but somehow my foot slipped and it jerked out of my arms and went splash into the water, and the berries rolled out. And now I have none at all, and mother won't get the money."

Charley was putting on his shoes and stockings. Maggie, who had been clambering about the bank and picking a few especially fine blackberries that grew on the bushes close by, stooped down and whispered something, the end of which was, "—— mightn't we?"

"Then we shall have none to take home."

"No; but I don't think mother will mind."

"Liz," said Maggie, turning to her, "don't cry; perhaps we can help you."

Charley drew the blackberry baskets from their hiding-place.

"See, Liz, there are almost as many in the two baskets as in your one, and you can gather a few more to make up."

Liz dried her eyes.

"They're finer ones than mine were. It's very good of you. I don't know how to thank you.

They walked along with her a little way, carrying the baskets, and when they came to the lane that turned to Liz's home Maggie hung a basket on each arm, saying.

"Now, Liz, take care you don't drop the blackberries again."

"No fear, miss, the baskets are good strong ones; I'll bring them back to-morrow."

III.

Charley and Maggie walked on in silence. At last Maggie said:

"Are you sorry?"

"I am not sure."

"Neither am I. I did so want mother to have the blackberries, to save her trouble of thinking of a pudding, and to hear her say, 'You have done a useful thing.'"

"You see," said Charley, "there were two things we wanted—to please mother and to help Liz. It is very difficult sometimes to know what is best."

"Yes," said Maggie, "it is difficult; you see we like mother better than we like Liz, and yet it seemed right to give her the blackberries."

"Yes, and we would much rather have given them to mother. Oh! here she comes so she will make it all plain.

"Mother," said Charley, as she came up to them, "supposing you were doing a kind thing to some one you liked, and somebody in distress came to you, somebody you did not much care about, would it be better to do the kind thing to the person you liked, or to the one you did not care for?"

"I can't possibly tell without knowing the circumstances."

"The persons were you and Liz, mother," said Maggie; "and we gave the berries to her instead of to you."

Their mother smiled.

"That does not help me much; you must begin at the beginning."

And by degrees Charley and Maggie told the whole story, finishing off with:

"And so, instead of doing a useful thing, mother, we have only just been good-natured to Liz because she was in such trouble."

"Well," answered their mother, "I don't quite agree with you; you have done a much more useful thing than giving me the blackberries for a pudding. You have earned three or four shillings for Liz's mother."

Charley and Maggie looked at one another.

"We never thought of that."

"And then you have made Liz's heart light.

"Two good things," said Maggie.

"And you have shown some self-sacrifice; because you would rather have brought the blackberries to me, only it seemed as if Liz wanted them more. And there is a fourth good thing, that you have not thought of, and that is, that you have made me much happier than if you had brought all the blackberries in the wood."

BEYOND THE PRESENT.—Rev. Dr. Storrs says: "We conceive of ourselves in any relation to others imaginable—in any place on earth, in any position—but we cannot conceive of ourselves as non-existent. That our consciousness is wholly and finally to terminate, that this spirit, with its soaring thoughts and deep affections and noble aspirations is to become dead and extinct—we cannot formulate that idea to our own minds. As the mind becomes superior in its control over matter, as the dignity of thought is more fully recognized, as civilization advances, this sense of a relation to something beyond the present time becomes always stronger. Science tells us that the forces of nature do not cease; that light is turned into heat, but that it does not cease as a force. The lightning when it passes from our sight has not gone out of existence. How, then, can it be that this living and personal spirit in man, which seizes the light and makes it paint pictures on the plate, which seizes the lightning and makes it run whispering messages from land to land, under the sea and around the world—how is that this living and personal spirit, so superior to those natural and physical forces on which it acts, is to terminate, while they go on? We cannot believe it."

A SINGLE TOOTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

SOME contend that there are no young widows except on the stage and in romances.

This opinion can't be serious, and the statistics successfully refute it.

All I know is that, three months ago, there was still one, a few steps from here, in a small hotel on the Rue de Boulogne—a hotel nestling in a clump of lilacs and acacias.

She was called Louise, and had become by marriage Marquise de Very.

The Marquise was twenty years old.

She had a little dog, with perfectly white and curly hair, which was fed upon a piece of sugar every morning and evening; this dog was called Billy.

It was midday.

Louise was strolling through the garden, now winding in and out among the lindens, now stopping to inhale the perfume of some newly-blown flower.

Barking and full of play, Billy followed her, and then seized with his pretty teeth the hem of her blue muslin dress and pulled at it with all his strength.

In the midst of this row, M. Claris entered the garden.

Louise, seeing him, concealed herself behind a tree; but Claris ran to her and, surprising her, stole a kiss from her pretty lips.

"Ah! Monsieur de Beauchamp, you are cruel!" she exclaimed, her face suffused with blushes.

Louise was of medium height; she had small feet and hands, plump white shoulders and black hair.

A young girl is usually timid and stupid; when she is spoken to, she blushes and lowers her eyes—an unfortunate habit for gentlemen who are not fond of contemplating eyelids.

A widow, however, has the right to hear everything; and, when one speaks to her of love, she at least knows what that means and how to receive it.

Louise was pretty, and she well knew what she was doing—this dark child, with her laughing lips, her bright looks, which went to the bottom of your heart, and her hair thrown back and coiled in a crown.

She leaned on Claris' arm, and both entered the house, followed by Billy, who looked at M. de Beauchamp with a jealous air.

If I knew a woman of taste, I would ask her to draw Claris' portrait; but, as I know none, I will simply say that he and Louise were well matched; and they each had so well understood this that they were already engaged.

Now they each had a great fault.

Claris was jealous and Louise was a coquette.

"Louise," said he, "you drive me to despair. You tell me you love me; but how can I believe you when I see you smile upon every one. To strangers you give too cordial a greeting; and it is impossible to tell what tortures and anguish I suffer when I see you in company, full of fun and gayety, always laughing joyously in the midst of a crowded circle of admirers."

"What am I to do? I am gay, to be sure; but is that so great a crime? And why should I be rude to men who, when they approach me, only pay me agreeable compliments? I have no reason to wish for this attention from them, and I so conduct myself that I do not show the least desire for it."

"You are a coquette! That continual laugh displeases me; you do it—shall I tell you why?—to show your teeth. You know how lovely you are, when laughing as you do."

"But what shall I do to prove my love to you? Ask me what you will! but do not ask that I shall no longer laugh."

"You told me one evening that you would sacrifice your life for me; I not not ask so much. But stop! do you wish to make me the happiest of men?"

"You have only to speak."

"Well! sacrifice a single tooth for my sake."

"Oh! Claris, what are you asking of me? You are cruel!"

"A single tooth—the smallest—in the front, and you can then laugh as much as you please."

"But you would find me ugly, and would no longer care for me, I am sure."

"Louise, this will assure my happiness."

The Marquise rings.

St. Jean received her command and returned fifteen minutes later, followed by a gentleman, clad in black, carrying a case of surgical instruments.

The Marquise passed into her boudoir; Billy followed her; and Louise, out of countenance, soon returned: her lips tightly closed.

She handed Claris a little white tooth; he carried it to his lips and covered it with kisses; then she ran out of the room, and looked herself in her boudoir.

Claris had the tooth set in a medallion and carried it around his neck sacredly as a relic.

From this day forward Louise became dejected.

A single smile, like a ray of sunshine on a rainy day, scarcely ever brightened her countenance.

She shunned company; and when she did go among her friends, she usually sat alone in a corner, with a sad look and closed lips.

Claris no longer saw in her the same person; and indeed she was almost unrecognizable.

"This poor Marquise has aged," said his acquaintances to him.

And Claris felt his love for her gradually lessen; he now understood that what he had loved in her was, above all, her joyousness and winning smile.

He also became dejected; and the greater efforts he made to again possess himself of that love, the more he understood that he himself had checked his passion.

One day he came in despair to Louise.

"Louise," said he, throwing himself at her feet, "do you still love me?"

"I have never ceased to love you."

"Will you give me proof of the sincerity of your words?"

"There is nothing I will do more gladly."

"Well," said Claris, "if you love me, have your tooth replaced."

"What madness is this," replied Louise, crying. "I told you you would no longer care for me.——And men reproach us with being capricious."

"Louise, I pray you grant this request. I indeed curse my thoughtlessness, my foolishness. Pardon me, dear—and have it replaced."

"You are sorry for my weakness in consenting?"

"I am indeed."

"You yourself see the folly of your request?"

"I wish myself dead on account of it."

"You really wish that I had disobeyed you?"

"Oh! how I wish it!"

Louise could no longer restrain herself.

She burst into a fit of laughter, which disclosed a perfect and full set of handsome teeth.

"What do you mean by this mirth?" asked Claris showing his medallion.

Louise opened Billy's downcast jaws, saying:

"There is the victim."

"Ah!" cried M. de Beauchamp, "you have never loved me."

MERRY.

LOVEMAKING IN 1891.—[When women shall have obtained their Rights.]

Edwin: Believe me, dearest——

Angelina: Pardon me, Edwin, but is that the best adjective you can use? The word "dearest" implies that I have cost you a great deal—have been very expensive. Now when I prepared our settlements with my solicitor, I——

[Explains the Law of Real and Personal Property.

Edwin: Thanks darling, your lecture has been delightful. But see, the moonlight tinges the trees without——

Angelina: Moonlight? I am glad you have mentioned the moon. Do you know that our planetary system is——

[Exhaustively canvasses the whole system of modern astronomy.

Edwin: Wonderful! But the nightingale has begun her sweet singing——

Angelina: Really! That reminds me, you told me the other day that you knew little or nothing of natural history. I have an excellent memory, and will recite a few chapters of White's "Selborne" to you.

[Does so.

Edwin (awaking from his slumber): Ah, indeed! But come, my own one——

Angelina: Beloved one, as accuracy is to be more esteemed than affection, do not call me thine. Until I am married I am a *femme sole*, and even when we are united the tendency of modern legislation is to separate the parties. It was not so in the past——

[Gives a history of the world from the earliest ages.

Edwin (yawning): Charming! Most interesting! Sweet Angelina, you speak so well, that I should like to hear your voice mocking that nightingale. Sing, darling, sing!

Angelina: I would rather tell you what I know of thorough bass. But first let me correct you. I can scarcely rival the nightingale. The human frame differs materially from the frames of birds and animals.

[Lectures upon anatomy in all its branches.

Edwin (in his sleep: Grand! Very good! (Waking). Ah! I must be off! Farewell, Angelina, the hours will seem years when I am away from you.

Angelina: Then they should not. There need be no confusion of time in your case, as you are not about to travel round the World. Certainly, if you were, you would find your watch losing as you moved southward. In connection with the subject I may say a little about "time." You must know, then, that——

[Rapidly sketches the difference of the real and ecclesiastical equinox, the Gregorian reform, etc., etc.

Edwin (tearing himself away): Farewell, dearest—I should say own one, or rather *femme sole*. Good-bye until I see thee again.

[Exit to attempt to escape abroad, to avoid damages for a breach of promise of marriage.

Angelina: Fortunately I have taken my medical degree, and can read his mind like an open book!

[Exit to her solicitor to restrain him].

Snow is useful to the small boy for shoveling purposes. He will dig half a block's length of path for ten cents, whereas a man would coolly ask seventy-five cents for the same job.

Grains of Gold.

Kind words soothe and comfort us.

Virtue is the politeness of the soul.

Temperate anger well becomes the wise,
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

Try your skull in gilt first, and then in gold.

Publish your joys, but conceal your sorrows.

Politeness is like great thoughts; it comes from the heart.

When one runs after wit he is sure to catch nonsense.

The ornaments of a home are the friends who frequent it.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

The man who never excites envy, never excites admiration.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Teach me to live that I may dread the grave as little as my bed.

In the ardor of pursuit, men soon forget the goal for which they start.

It is a shame to do the world's work well, and then Christ's work shabbily.

There are as many wretched rich men, in proportion, as there are wretched poor men.

No cloud can be big enough to shut out heaven if we keep the eye towards the throne.

Good measures should always be executed as soon as conceived and circumstances will admit.

Error would certainly be mobbed in the street if she did not travel disguised in the garb of truth.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others.

Faith evermore overlooks the difficulty of the way, and is all-brave only in the certainty of the end.

When men constantly refer to infamies under gentle terms they lose their abhorrence of the [illegible].

Many people wish they might live their lives over again. In nine cases out of ten they would only repeat them.

Clothes possess an influence over many more powerful than the worth of character or the magic of manners.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

Backbone is not something that stands erect like a lamp-post, but something that can bend either forward or backward.

Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its freight, but for its use.

It is easier and more popular to teach the beautiful doctrines of Christianity than it is to apply them to the hearts and consciences of men.

Good nature is of daily use; but courage is at best but a kind of a holiday virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity.

Do not allow yourself to speak ill of absent ones if it can be avoided; the day may come when some friend may be needed to defend you in your absence.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company know nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

As physicians always have their instruments ready for cases which suddenly require their skill, so do thou have principles ready for the understanding of things divine and human.

An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise, and will be content with nothing else.

If self be denied for the good of others, we receive immediately more than we can bestow; we have as many fountains of happiness as there are hearts and lives to whose hearts we minister.

Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which is meant beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason.

Contentment abides with truth, and you will generally suffer for wishing to appear more than you are, whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.

"Wonderful, Wonderful Medicine."

So exclaims a patient, Rev. J. S. Fesperman, of Statesville, South Carolina. Writing June 2d, 1880, he says: "In the [illegible] I owe my present state of health to your Oxygen. I was on the gate of death's door, and, as I believe, many of my great portion of others [illegible] that I now consider Oxygen the greatest of all healing agents. Oxygen I cannot refrain from saying, 'Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful medicine!' Physicians and friends had left me. That I could not live another month, and I am here now, with my large family of children, and came to walk from three to four miles every morning. I can not speak in terms too high of your remedy." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

"Would any gentleman oblige a lady?" Certainly not; he would endeavor to persuade her.

A gun factory has a new brand of revolver—the mother-in-law. So named because it won't go off.

Some women are like shotguns. They would attract no attention were it not for their bangs.

Perhaps the reason the foolish virgins had no oil in their vessels was because they used it all on their hair.

No woman should borrow the husband of another, for the reason that it isn't good for the man to be a loan.

A young mother says that you may always know an old bachelor by the fact of his always speaking of a baby as "it."

Boston's teachers are petitioning that female teachers who have served ten years shall receive a salary of not less than $1,000.

A woman is never displeased if we please several other women, provided she is preferred; it is so many more triumphs for her.

An imprisoned girl at Burr Oak, Mich., cut every button from her clothing, and swallowed them, in an ineffectual attempt at suicide.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* is mean enough to say that the ladies of that city trim their bonnets only on the congregation side.

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall occasionally be visited on their children, as well as the sins of fathers.

It is said that in Calcutta a young lady will rise at an afternoon visit and say, "Excuse me, but I must go home for my 5 o'clock fever."

Grammer for small boys—"Why is the sun masculine?" "'Cos it's alus is." "And the moon feminine?" "'Cos it's so changin'."

A person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his mouse paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

In Sweden the bride has her pocket filled with bread. It is supposed that every piece that she gives to the poor on her way to church averts some misfortune.

It is often the easiest move that completes the game. Fortune is like the lady whom a lover carried off from all his rivals by putting additional lace upon his liveries.

A Camden woman objects to having her life insured, because she feels sure the money would be used to buy his second wife a sealskin coat. There might be something in it.

A scientist declares that man has a million more red corpuscles in a cubic centimeter of blood than woman. We object to this information being imparted to the mosquitoes.

Superfinous—"And so you learn dancing, Bob? And how do you like waltzing?" "Oh, it's not bad. I can manage very well by myself, but I think a girl's rather in the way."

Contradiction still: She—"Be it so, then; I agree that I have faults." He, emphatically; "O yes!" She, surprised—"What are they, sir—what are they? Name them if you can!"

Mexican girls adorn their hair with fireflies, and as they move through dimly-lighted rooms, or about the streets, their living jewels flash, and gleam, and glow as never diamonds could.

The wife of a wealthy New York merchant has sued for a divorce because her husband only allows her half a dollar a day for expenses, with an extra allowance of one cent per diem to buy a newspaper with.

"It is the type of eternal truth," says Ruskin, "that the soul-armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's heart has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of [illegible] fails."

Speaking of the absent in the saloon of the Countess de R.: "How old is Madame de Z., really?" One of this lady's friends, without having in the least an air of malice, replies, "I don't know; but she is very well preserved."

Mr. Henry Saville, the jockey, who died in England a few months ago, had his life insured for one million and fifty thousand dollars. His widow has hired a man to stand at the door with a club and drive away all applicants for her hand.

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a gentleman of a colored man. "She has run off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I guv her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She 'lowed I was too dark to match de dress."

When a woman is the adviser, the lords of creation don't take the advice till they have persuaded themselves that it is just what they intended to do; then they set upon it, and if it succeeds they give the weaker vessel half the credit of it; if it fails, they generally give her the whole.

A certain Persian prince's excuse for polygamy is amusing and original. Speaking of English ladies, he said, "Wallah! they are fresher and more lovely after forty than one women are at twenty-five. Thus, one English woman is worth at least ten Persians, and so we take quantity to make up for quality. Had we English women, then one would suffice."

It was announced from a Milwaukee pulpit that August Fischer was to be married. The wife of another August Fischer was in the congregation, and she conceived the idea that it was her husband who was meant. Up to this time she had been sane, but now she went home greatly excited, refused to accept the explanation, brooded over her fancied wrong for several days, and finally assailed Fischer with an axe.

Beauty in woman is in considerable part a matter of health. A sick woman's face may be exquisitely moulded; she never appeals to our imagination. But even an ugly spirit all aglow with health and spirit, and with sparkling eyes, becomes beautiful. Such a woman appeals to the [illegible] she charms and subdues us by a [illegible]. Whether we wish a wife or [illegible] we want a great deal.

News Notes.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Louisiana has 17,500,000 acres of virgin forest.

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-eighth miles.

In one week lately a London firm imported five tons of rabbits.

Two million barrels of salt are annually exported from Michigan.

The average French family is three, English five, and Irish seven.

Columbia University, N. Y., is the richest University on this side of the Atlantic.

In the United States twelve manufactories produce 10,000,000 teeth annually, or one to every five persons.

Edison holds five million dollars worth of stock in the companies formed to introduce his electric light.

Indoor tennis is a novelty. It is played in a long, empty hall, with the regulation net, balls and rackets.

One of the beauties at a recent St. Louis reception wore a gray flannel costume, tastefully trimmed with fur.

An Indianapolis couple were married in 1872, divorced in 1877, re-married in 1878, and now sue to be re-divorced.

In the year ending last June the State of North Carolina converted enough corn into whisky to make 888,814 gallons.

New Orleans has six women to every five men. This is said to be a greater excess than in any other city in the Union.

Of the thirty inebriate asylums established in this country during the last 25 years but four have gone out of existence.

Journalism in France is said to be the surest way to preferment. In the present Chamber of Deputies there is 44 journalists.

One and one-fourth times more money is annually spent on funerals in the United States than the Government spends for schools.

A Western medical monthly offers as a premium "three double-clipped points of non-humanized virus to every new subscriber."

Some idea of the magnitude of railroad interest in this country can be had from the fact that 800,000 people are employed in its service.

The loss to England by the last three years' bad harvests is estimated at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty million dollars a year.

A million dollars in our gold coin weighs 3,655.71 pounds avoirdupois, and a million standard dollars in our silver coin weigh 38,412.35 pounds.

Pretty careful estimates place the number of pounds of tea made into the favorite beverage that "cheers but not inebriates" every year at a quarter of a billion.

An English paper says that a man wearing dark-colored clothes is more liable to infection from contagious diseases than he who wears light-colored garments.

The horsemen of Lowell, Mass., got excited on the road during a recent Sunday of good sleighing, and it is said that five trotters were killed by over-exertion.

Being pursued by a bull, a Michigan man had the presence of mind to discharge some tobacco juice into [illegible] thereby making a narrow escape [illegible].

In London there are 95,000 hopeless, [illegible] and a nightly expenditure of $45,000 on places of amusement, exclusive of drink.

A curious robbery occurred in the harbor of New York city recently. When the engineer of a tug-boat, in the captain's absence, steamed off with her, and she cannot be found.

In the dressing room at Balmoral, of the late Prince Consort, all remains as things he were alive. His hats and gloves are on the tables, and on the bed there is an effigy of him.

There is a fellow down in Chattanooga who fires bullets against the rocks and sells them for relics of Fighting Hooker's battle over the clouds. They are disposed of to relic-seeking visitors at ten cents each.

A New York journal devoted to the ice interest estimates that 200,000 men are employed in that business in the United States during the season; $21,000,000 a year are expended, and $60,000,000 are invested in the business.

In Yorkshire, England, lately, a burglar was found in a very tight place, indeed. His legs were hanging down a chimney in which he had stuck, and it was necessary to take down the mantelpiece and part of the chimney to release him.

Two Cincinnati rogues advertised a charity concert, obtained the services of the best musicians in the city, used the names of well-known benevolent persons freely, sold $1,500 worth of tickets, and decamped with the money before the entertainment was over.

While a landlady watched the empty trunk of a suspicious boarder at Jackson, Mich., he escaped with all his extra wardrobe in his pockets and high hat. She overhauled him at the railroad station, pulled off his hat, and amused the spectators by taking therefrom a shirt, a pair of socks, and some collars.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated [illegible]. I do not practice, but am my sole family physician, and have in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended [illegible] Bitters to my friend and wife, who has been under the [illegible] treatment of six of Albany's best physicians, [illegible] years, She has been thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have been cured of [illegible] by their use.

REV. L. R. WARREN.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your [illegible]

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

[illegible] treatment and on

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it is Scrofula, Consumption, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, [illegible] Blood, Disease of the Lungs, [illegible] Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, [illegible] chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease will be found in the blood which nourishes the [illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent [illegible] Blood vessels with a [illegible] Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from unchecked disease or mercury, [illegible] from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rest upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its improvement [illegible] the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR QUININE AND MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST. In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Difficult Breathing, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Cough, Hoarseness, [illegible] Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Earache, Sciatica, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Sprains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

[illegible] with great [illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS, and [illegible] Liver, Stomach, Bowels, and [illegible] Disorders [illegible] ing in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."

"Radway on Scrofula."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

and others relating to different classes of diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no more positive proof of the value of Dr. Radway's [illegible] than the base and worthless [illegible], as [illegible] False Resolvents, [illegible] to [illegible] mark for Radway's, and see that the name "RADWAY" is [illegible]

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, successful remedies known. Book of Directions and Case Record sent free. Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co. 109 Fulton St., New York.

THE DIAMOND DYES.

are the Purest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10c. package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dyes sold. [illegible] Any lady can dye a beautiful color with them. Any one using them can color Ribbons, Feathers, Dresses, Coats, Shawls, Stockings, Hoods, Scarfs,

——A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION——

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States,

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

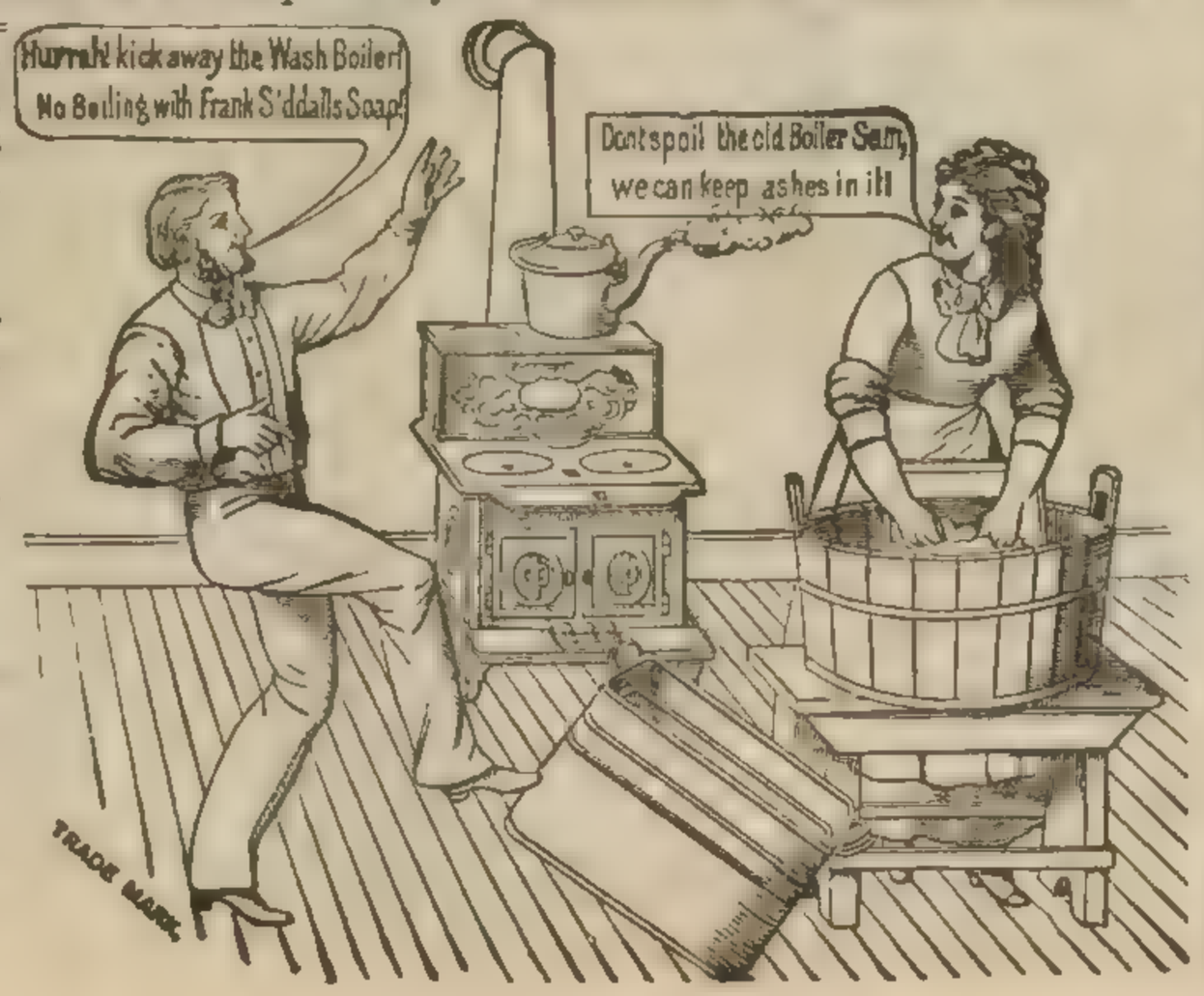
The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank S'ddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK.

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in-doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

New Publications.

"The Fatal Marriage, or Orville Deville," has just been issued in a remarkably cheap and handsome shape, and is from the pen of that distinguished novelist, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and is one of the best and most exciting romances of modern times. The plot is of the strongest description, treating of the crime of bigamy committed by a heedless young man, the wrongs of the deceived wives, the pitiless vengeance of that wild girl of the forest, Lionne, and the fearful sufferings of the bigamist. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Publishers. Price 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Potter's American Monthly for February contains the following table of contents: Pictures of Andalusia, by S. P. Scott, with seven illustrations. A Story of the White Czar. Journalism in Paris, by George J. Hagar, with six illustrations. Music as Art, not an Accomplishment, by W. S. H. The Death Penalty, by Charles T. Jerome. Personal Reminiscences of Madame Murat, by a Friend and Relative. Kith and Kin, by the author of "The First Violin." A Shabian Romance, by Elise J. Allen, with two Illustrations. Freaks of a Somnambulist, by G. Mortimer Roe. Sweet Wife, (a poem), by Charles Kingsley. Le Valet du Diable, by Elinor Moore Hiestand. A Winter Reverie (a poem, Illustrated), by Ella H. Rozier. Mr. Cimabue Brown on the Defensive. Beppo's Escape. Roger Williams, by W. Fraser Rae. Bewitched in Mid-Ocean, by MacLaren Cobban. Current Topics. The Literary World. The Art World. Home and Society. Potpourri. Potter's Monthly now contains 120 pages each issue, —1440 octavo pages per year. Terms: $3.00 per year. John E. Potter & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

The February *Wide Awake* opens brilliantly as an after-Christmas number, giving at the outset the "Compliments of the Season" and a sweet little valentine, along with the Third Prize Frontispiece, "The King is Dead—Long Live the King!" drawn by Robert Lewis, with which "A King's Merry Christmas," the poem by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, suits well. All this is followed by a jolly story for the boys, A Memorable Skate to Long-Level Look, by James R. Marshall, well Illustrated. Other articles, stories, and poems are "How the Little Steadmans Spent Christmas, How Freddy Scared Tom, One Night's Muskrat Trapping, The Breaking-up of the Ice Bridge, Christyann, Grandmamma's Valentine, and The Rose and the Waif. The serials From the Hudson to the Neva, and Their Club and Ours, are well Illustrated. Shelley's Sky Lark, has been set to music by Louis C. Elson. Among the more solid articles of the number we may mention A Delighted Grandfather—Jacob Abbott Among Children, Health and Strength Paper, by Dr. Mary J. Safford, in the Chautauqua Reading Course, and Miss Harris' Dooryard Folks. The whole number is finely illustrated, there being no less than six full-page drawings. Only $2.50 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Publishers.

PRESCIENCE OF BIRDS.—It is well worth while to observe the provisions which birds make for their own wants, and to see how, when reason sometimes falters, instinct always operates with the same certainty and success. The wood-pecker grasps the trunk of a tree with his claws, and stands upon his tail, drawing out the insects from their burrows in the wood. It is said, that he goes to an ant's nest and lies down, pretending to be dead, with his tongue out, drawing it in, however, as often as it is covered with the ants, which are a favorite article of his food. The nut-hatch opens nuts, or the stones of fruit by repeated blows of his sharp, horny bill. The butcher-bird, which lives on insects and smaller birds, is said to attract the later by imitating their call, and has also a habit of impaling upon thorns such insects as he does not need at the moment.—Some have thought this a trap set for other birds, but this is improbable, because unnecessary. It seems more likely that this trick of gathering what he does not want, and keeping it till it is of no use to him; is one which he has learned in his intercourse with man. The whippoowill sits upon the fence or a step of a door, singing mournfully as if he had lost all his friends, but woe to the moth who believes in the mourner's having lost his appetite also, the bird seizes and swallows him without any suspension of his song. The raven and the gull, who are fond of shell-fish, but are not provided with instruments to open them carry them high into the air, and let them fall on rocks, in order to break the shell. In this way, it is said a philosopher's head was broken in ancient times, being accidently mistaken for a stone. The bald eagle, proud and disdainful as he seems, gets a great part of his living in a manner that does more credit to his ingenuity and strength, than to his morals. He sits in gigantic repose, calmly watching the play of the fishing birds over the blue reach of the waters, with his wings loosely raised, as if keeping time with the heaving sea. Soon he sees the fish hawk dive heavily in the ocean and re-appear with a scream of triumph bearing the sluggish fish. Then the gaze of the eagle becomes fiery and intense, his wings are spread wide, and he gives chase to the hawk till he compels him to let fall his prize but it is not lost, for the eagle wheels in a broad circle, sweeps down upon the edge of the wave and secures it before it touches the water.

A coal-dealer calls his dog Bitumen.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

WITHIN the last twenty-one years three American Presidents have attracted English attention to such a degree that their histories, their characters and their faces have been as familiar there as those of any Cabinet Ministers. Englishmen know Mr. Lincoln, General Grant and Garfield as they know Sir Robert Peel, Lord Clyde, or Mr. Forster. Not one of the three has been a man of fortune, or has, indeed, possessed anything like a competence, while two have died poor men. Mr. Lincoln, until his election, lived upon his earnings as a lawyer; and when he died, after six years of the Presidency, he left his widow so little that a subscription was raised for her by his friends, and an application was made to Congress for a pension. General Grant, when he was called to active service, was far from prosperous—had, indeed, scarcely anything except his income from a small business—and though he has received large gifts and has enjoyed the highest salary given in the Union for eight years, he has still to supplement his pension by work as chairman of corporations. General Garfield when he died was found to be possessed of $25,000, consisting chiefly of a farm, probably over-valued, of 120 acres, which he cultivated himself; out of his salary as President he had effected an insurance for $25,000 more but even with that addition the whole property left behind him was only $50,000.

Still the obstacles to rising offered by want of means have in the United States, been very thoroughly swept away. It is hardly possible to go below a log-cabin in a swamp, and out of such a log-cabin, without education, or money, or anything but himself, came General Garfield. That a man so situated could, without the favor of any patron and without accumulating wealth, rise to the very top, is a sufficient proof that any man may attain any political position in the United States. It is not quite so in Europe, outside France, and we rather doubt if in England the tendency is toward that perfect equality. It may be attained in France, where the charm of birth as a political factor is entirely dead, and the possible Dictator is the son of a small grocer, and the actual President was a peasant, and where candidates affect poverty as a recommendation.

In England, however, the equality is still far to seek. One cannot, to begin with, either dispense with education or get a good one without much outlay. To enter any profession will cost a lad $2,500, and if the profession is guarded by competition, double that sum. To enter politics there, is to give up any gainful profession, except the Bar, which others cannot practice for you, and to pay heavy direct fines for entrance into Parliament it. Statesmen have tried for a good many years to keep down election expenses, but they have either not been very sincere, or have been baffled, and the outlay is very much what it was. A contest is occasionally cheap, but the man who stands for a county without $50,000 to waste must have a great deal of self-confidence, and be able, besides, to put down applicants for subscriptions with some determination. The grand difference, however, is the necessity of living in London after election. A very large section of American politicians live on their salaries. In England, the member cannot live without money of his own at all, as there is no salary for him to receive, and practically, if a very poor man and married, finds the position nearly intolerable. More or less, in spite of character and ability, and even success, if he had not $6,000 a year from some source or other, the rich distrust him and the poor despise him; he is hampered at every turn. With only $1,000 a year and a house to keep up, his nerve would break down. There is no other road in England to political success than Parliament; and when, therefore, Englishmen boast that careers are as open as in America, they should add the qualification that careers are as open outside the political world.

A QUEEN'S DAUGHTER.—Beatrice, the unmarried daughter of Queen Victoria, is twenty four, or so; she never goes to the theatre nor to the opera with her brother and sister-in-law; she makes her appearance at the Court balls, and still less at any other of social galeties of the season; she never drives in the Park; and though reported to be the wittiest and most brilliant of all Queen Victoria's daughters, she certainly leads the dreariest existence to which a princess, outside of a fairy tale full of wicked fairies and impregnable towers, was ever doomed.

BRIDE OF THE SEA.—This is a poetical name of Venice, having its origin in the ancient ceremony of the espousal of the Adriatic Sea, during which the Doge, in the presence of its courtiers, and amid circumstances of great splendor, threw a ring into the sea uttering the words, "We wed thee, O sea, in sign of a true and perpetual dominion."

THE AZURE OF THE SKY.—The Mahometans have a curious fable, which represents the basis of Caf, a remarkable mountain of Asia, to be an emerald, whose reflection produces the azure of the sky. "The mountain," says a traveler, is endowed with a sensitive action in its roots or nerves; and their vibrations, at the command of God, is the cause of earthquakes."

EGYPT.—Egypt proper is but a small place. It is literally what Herodotus calls it, the gift of the river—a strip of alluvial soil in length 600 miles, but in breadth never more than ten until the river divides itself and the Delta thrusts back the desert. The number of the population is 5,250,000.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From.

Searsburg, Feb. 7, '82.

Gents—When I read the announcement of your Photo-Oleograph, I thought that you were putting on the coloring very heavy, but on receiving the picture I felt to exclaim as did the Queen of Sheba, after paying King Solomon and the Temple a visit, "Howbeit I believed not the words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold the half was not told me." The Photo-Oleograph is framed, and hanging in a conspicuous place on the wall. Many thanks.

Yours Truly,
A. E. PROPER.

East Chatham, Feb. 6, '82.

Eds. Post—I am more than pleased with your premium picture. It is all you represent it, and need only be seen to be appreciated.

MRS. C. M. WRIGHT.

Brecklin, Mo., Feb. 6, '82.

Editor "Saturday Evening Post"—The premium, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and I must say it is a fine picture, and well worth the price, and I will try to get others to send.

E. E. HAYDEN.

Warwick, Pa., Feb. 8, '82.

I received the premium picture "Presenting the Bride," and can say that I am *more* than *pleased* with it. I think it is really worth the subscription price of the paper alone.

S. L. LLOYD.

Overton, Brook Co., Texas, Feb. 2, '82.

Eds. Post—I received your new premium in due time. We are all very well pleased with it. It is worth the $2 itself. I hope every one will be as well pleased as

Yours Truly,
FRED FRET.

Brandon, Wis., Feb. 5, '82.

Editor of Post—Picture, "Presenting the Bride," received all right. Consider it fully up to you representations. Thanks for same.

MRS. M. H. DEAN.

Panora, Iowa, Feb. 2, '82.

Editor Post—Picture, "Presenting the Bride," received, and must say we are all highly pleased with it. It is far handsomer than we expected. The county is full of agents canvassing for cheap monthly magazines published in Maine and New York, ranging in price from $1.00 to $1.50 a year, and give twelve to fifteen cheap chromos. We think very much more of the weekly Post and premium picture than all the cheap monthlies and chromos put together. My wife will get you some subscribers.

CHARLES BORLETT.

Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 4, '82.

Mr. Editor—I received the premium gift, "Presenting the Bride," and was very much pleased with it. It is as nice as it was advertised to be; and I thank you for sending the same and fulfilling the agreement.

HATTIE HUBBARD.

Mechanicsville, Pa., Jan. 30, '82.

Editor "Saturday Evening Post"—Please accept thanks for premium, "Presenting the Bride." It is far beyond my expectations. I have it framed and hung in a conspicuous place. It is much admired.

ALICE A. WATSON.

West Union, W. Va., Jan. 30, '82.

Editor Post—Received the picture, "Presenting the Bride." We all think it perfectly superb. Would give $2.15 most any time for such a picture.

P. S. HALDEMAN.

New Danville, Jan. 31, '82.

Editor "Saturday Evening Post"—I received my premium picture of "Presenting the Bride," and when I say that I am highly pleased with it, I mean it. It is a gift that any one who receives may be proud of; and the senders of it may be sure that they have gained the esteem and good wishes of all who receive the picture. Hoping that through this splendid premium your subscription list may be largely increased, I am Yours Respectfully,

D. N. WINTERS.

Park Ridge, Ill., Feb. 6, '82.

Editor Post—The premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to-day. It far surpasses anything I had expected to see; it is a beautiful picture. I shall be happy to use all my influence for your paper.

MRS. M. A. BEESEMAN.

Janvier, N. J., Jan. 31, '82.

Editor "Saturday Evening Post"—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your premium, "Presenting the Bride." I cannot conceive how you can afford to give away such a picture. It is fit to adorn the walls of a millionaire's mansion. This is not only my opinion, but all who have seen it speak as highly of it as I do. Many thanks. Rest assured I will do what I can to introduce your worthy paper in this locality.

E. M. WATAH, P. M.

Cedar Vale, Kan., Jan. 30, '82.

Editor Post—I received the premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," to-day. I am very well pleased. It is far prettier than I expected.

WINNIE CRAWFORD.

Wonderful Power.

When a medicine performs such cures as Kidney-Wort is constantly doing, it may truly be said to have wonderful power. A carpenter in Montgomery, Vt., had suffered for eight years from the worst of kidney diseases, and had been wholly incapacitated for work. He says, "One box made a new man of me, and I sincerely believe, it will restore to health all that are similarly afflicted."—Danbury News.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

To make the skin soft, and beautiful, and remove tan, use Pearl's White Glycerine. Try Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

"Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer."

Dr. Kline, No. 325 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa.: Dear Sir—Please send me a bottle of your "Great Nerve Restorer," C.O.D. So far, it has done me more good than all the doctors have done, and all the medicine I have taken. F. C. BOWMEISTER,
Galveston, Texas.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NEW FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL TREES & SHRUBS, ROSES. 1882

Besides the largest and most complete general stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Roses, etc., in the U.S., we offer many **Choice Novelties.** New Abridged Catalogue mailed *free* to all who apply. Address **ELLWANGER & BARRY,**
Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N.Y.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling, and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

105 Elegant *NEW STYLE Chromo Cards, Moss Rose-Buds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn Leaves, etc. Lithographed in the most FASHIONABLE colors, your name printed thereon in* **Gold & Jet** *50c. Please send 25c. for our BOOK of the most lovely Samples you ever saw, including Agents outfit. Our stock of Bevel Gilt Edge, Imported Embossed Chromos* **Satin Fringe** *Cards is unequaled. We pay Agents the highest commission and offer the most elegant and useful premiums of any reliable Card House in the United States. Printers supplied with blank cards. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.*

Series For 1882.

50 Elegant Imported designs, all Chromo, 4XXX bevel in beautiful colors, Gold & Silver, German & French Florals, Scenery from the River Rhine, Arctic Scenes, Moresque Series, Ocean Views, Bird Mottoes, &c., name in fancy script type, 10c. or **25** Extra Large size Embossed Chromo, name in any style, 10c. Ag'ts make 40 per cent. 14 packs of either for $1. Our beautiful Bound Book of 100 Styles, for 1882, 25c. Full particulars with every order. Blank Cards at wholesale. CARD MILLS Northford Ct.

WE WILL SEND **WITHOUT CHARGE**

Samples of Knitting Silk. A 36-page pamphlet, giving Rules and Designs for Knitting Silk Stockings, Mittens, Money Purses, Babies' Caps, Laces, etc., will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cts. in postage stamps or money.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.,
225 Market St. Phila., or, 469 Broadway, N.Y.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED. OFFICIAL LIFE AND **TRIAL OF GUITEAU.** Send 30 cents in stamps for outfit. Book now ready. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, CINCINNATI, O.

Lady Agents Can secure permanent employment with good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters, etc. Sample outfit Free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

50 Lovely Rosebud, Gold, Silver Motto, Floral, Birds, Bouquet, etc., all elegant Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Branford Printing Co., Branford, Ct.

TWO Photos of Female Beauties, 10cts. *Illustrated catalogue free.* J. DEITZ, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

50 SUPERB Chromos, Rich and Rare designs, with name neatly. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

Facetiæ.

It is hard to tell which is the more ridiculous, the young fool or the old fool, but the old fool has this advantage—he will never be a young fool, whereas the young fool may some day be an old fool.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIRS—I have taken the Hop Bitters, and recommended them to others, as I found them very beneficial. Mrs. J. W. Teller,
Sec. Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

An intelligent young Englishman traveling in the United States, says that every American seemed to him, immediately after an introduction, to be sure to repeat the formula: "How do you do? What will you have to drink?"

The new Czar leads a very simple life. He rises early and takes a long walk, then breakfasts with his family, after which he goes down cellar and covers himself up in the coal-bin for the rest of the day, to keep out of the way of the Nihilists.

Sublimely Superb.

A pair of beautiful Sun-flowers on Easels will be mailed free to any lady who will send a three-cent postage stamp to Dr. C. W. Benson, 118 No. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md.

The law of compensation manifests itself in even the humblest spheres of life. For instance, take the young farmer and his wife. Last spring she cradled while he sowed; this summer he cradles and she sews. This is certainly a great country.

We are strongly disposed to regard that person as the best physician who does most to alleviate human suffering. Judged from this standard, Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., is entitled to the front rank, for her Vegetable Compound is daily working wonderful cures in female diseases. Send for circular to the above address.

Now that the steam railroads in and around Boston have got through testing their employes for color-blindness, the horse railroads of that city are about to put their conductors through a similar trial. Some of them are thought to be color-blind, as they punch a three-cent trip occasionally for a six-cent fare.

A Healthy State.

People are constantly changing their homes from East to West, or from North to South, or vice versa, in search of a healthy State. If they would learn to be contented, and to use the celebrated Kidney-Wort when sick, they would be much bet'er off. The whole system can be kept in a healthy state by this simple but effectual remedy. See adv.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

A remedy with such a reputation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters deserves a fair trial. If you are dyspeptic, your malady will eventually yield to it; if you are feeble, lack flesh, and feel despondent, it will both build and cheer you up; if you are constipated, it will relieve; and if bilious, healthfully stimulate your liver. Don't despond, but make this effort in the right direction.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 21 and 23 South Sixth St., and S. E. Corner of Delaware Avenue and Arch Street, Philadelphia.

FOUNDED 1874.

Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 1000 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1882, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Series &c. in fancy case 10c. Samples 3c. Empire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of Baltimore, Md.,

In the course of his practice discovered what now are renowned in medical practice—viz., a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a *sure cure* for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and nervousness, and *will cure* any case. The Doctor's great remedy for Skin Disease, called "Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, is exceedingly valuable, and greatly sought after by all persons who have skin diseases or bad complexion. An excellent toilet dressing.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, 115 Fulton Street, New York City, sole agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies, to whom all orders should be addressed.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S SKIN CURE

DR. BENSON'S SKIN REMEDY — INFALLIBLE SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

FLORENCE Oil-Stove and Heater.

No Smoke. No Smell. Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE. Send for circular and Price-List. S. C. & W. M. SMITH, S. E. Cor. 7th & Arch Sts., Phila.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very a t to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

☞If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

SMALL POX 10 CTS. has been declared epidemic by the National Board of Health, and a pamphlet has been prepared to instruct the people in the "plain facts about Small Pox and Vaccination." It gives clear answers to the many questions asked every day when it is the "talk of the town," and has, in fact, three dollars worth of professional advice for only TEN CENTS. Sent by mail by

MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO.,
Box 788,
New York City.

FREE TRIAL GIVEN

Our large ELECTRIC MEDICATED PADS cure nearly all Diseases. We have so much faith in them we send them on Free Trial and ask NO PAY unless they cure in One Month. Different Pads to cure Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Piles, Lame Backs, Asthma, Lame Back, Ague, Nervous Debility, and many other diseases. Prices $1.50 to $3.00. Book, &c., free.

Address ELECTRIC PAD M'F'G CO.,
585 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.

A FIRST-CLASS WATCH FOR $10.00.

During the past year, we have had many enquiries for a Stem Winding and Stem setting Watch, one that could be relied upon, sufficiently attractive for a gentleman to carry and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a correct time-keeper, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high priced watch. After going over the whole field of American Manufacture and not finding a watch that would "Fill the Bill" we concluded to look over foreign markets. A member of our firm visited England, France, Germany and Switzerland. In the latter country, he found just what we wanted: A STEM WINDING WATCH WITH FINE JEWELED NICKEL MOVEMENT, equal to those put up in Gold Cases and sold in this Country at $100 and $125.) By giving a large order, we got the price reduced so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of case for the new watch. Armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Loyschield (the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold,) an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were exhibited and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The Professor also exhibited with much pride, two grand prize medals awarded at the International Exposition, held at Paris, for the marvellous resemblance of the metal to gold, and also for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from his Aluminum Gold. We have them made both in round and hunter style and they are Elegantly Engraved or Engine Turned, and are unsurpassed in beauty of workmanship. The Watches are manufactured of the best material, and finished by skilled hand labor, and are only equaled by watches costing ten times as much. They are perfect time-keepers and fully guaranteed, and that they are in every respect as represented, the thousands of testimonials received from our customers amply attest. Price of Sample Watch by Registered mail, $15.00. We will send the above watch to any person who orders with the intention of acting as agent, or who will recommend it to his friends, on receipt of Ten Dollars.

Gents:—The Aluminum Gold Watch I purchased from your firm three months ago retains its color as brilliant as when first received. I delayed sending my second order because I wished to test the metal. I can now conscientiously recommend them. I enclose $10.00 for one more Aluminum Gold Watch, same as the first. M. M. Watts, Rawlins, Fla., Nov. 30, 1881.

Gents:—The second lot of $10.00 Aluminum Gold Watches received all right. I enclose Money Order for five more Wind Aluminum Gold Watches and other watches and goods from your Catalogue. Forward at once and oblige,
George P. Wilson, Grand Forks, Dakota, Oct., 30th 1881.

Send money by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars is sent on account the balance can be paid at the Express Office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

It is seldom that we meet with an article that so fully corresponds with its advertised good qualities as does the Aluminum Gold Watch. It has the advantage of being made of that precious metal Aluminum Gold (well named the half brother of Gold); its works are of the best make, and the general style of the case rank it with the best Watches made anywhere. We recommend it to our readers as a Watch that will give entire satisfaction. When you order a watch, kindly mention that you saw the advertisement in our paper.

WANAMAKER AND BROWN Clothing 6th & Market Sts OAK HALL PHILADELPHIA.

SAMPLES SENT BY MAIL WHEN WRITTEN FOR

WHITE GLYCERINE Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all Spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Coated Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 3 cakes by mail 50c. Pearl's White Glycerine 50c. Prop'r Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment. No charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. "His remedies are the outgrowth of his own experience: they are the only known means of permanent cure."—*Hospital*. Rev. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, O.

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 820 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules &c., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.00, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. *Agents Wanted.* Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms, and Catalogue of 500 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 72 Beekman St., New York.

OPIUM

And Morphine Habit, can be cured in from 10 to 30 days—no pay till cured. Established 10 years, 1,000 cured. Refer to patients in all parts of the country. Dr. F. E. Marsh, Box 170, Quincy, Mich.

Grind your own Bone Meal and Oyster Shells in the $5.00 HAND MILL. (Frank Wilson's Pat.) Illustrated circular and testimonials furnished on application. A peck in 15 minutes. Address WILSON BROS., Sole Manufacturers, Easton, Pa.

70 YOUR Name in Handsome Script Type on Beautiful Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest Styles, Sentiment, Friendship, Scroll & Motto Series, 13 packs $1.00. Prompt returns. Royal Card Co., P. O. Box 21, Northford, Ct.

FREE! THREE SPLENDID PREMIUMS POSITIVELY GIVEN AWAY!!

The publisher of the old established and reliable Cricket on the Hearth, which for more than ten years has been noted for promptness and fair dealing, wishing to increase its already enormous circulation and introduce it into the home of every intelligent American citizen, now makes the following grand, extraordinary offer: Upon receipt of only Twenty-Five cents in postage stamps, we will send The Cricket on the Hearth on trial for Three Months, and to every subscriber we will send Free and post-paid, Three Valuable Premiums, as follows: 1. Box of Paints, containing eighteen superior colors, with brush and cups, furnishing works of fascinating and profitable entertainment to old and young. 2. An Imported German Harmonica, a favorite musical instrument, upon which all may learn to play after a little practice. 3. Japanese Magnetic Fish, several of which are packed in neat wood box, with colored bamboo fish pole, silk line and steel hook. Place the fish in a bowl of water and they will run for the hook when presented as if alive. Remember, we send all these splendid premiums free to any one sending 25 cents for a three months' subscription to our paper. The Cricket on the Hearth is a large and handsome 16 page, 64 column, illustrated Literary and Family paper, containing Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Farm and Household Hints, Items, Puzzles and Games for the young, Wit and Humor, and everything to interest, amuse and delight the whole family. Take advantage of this great offer and get the greatest variety of the season. Tell all your friends that they can now get the great story and family paper, The Cricket on the Hearth, three months for only 25 cents, and three splendid premiums free. For $1.00 we will send five subscriptions, with the three premiums free to each. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.* As to our reliability we refer to any publisher in New York. Address

E. B. MOORE, Publisher, 8 Park Place New York.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. OUR NEW PACK FOR 1882. 50 ALL Chromo Cards, [Extra Size] Artistic designs of Swiss Floral, Sea-View, Wreath, Landscape, Gold and Silver Panel, Bird Motto, Butterfly, Moonlight, Summer and Winter Scenes, all in beautiful (not gaudy) colors, with your name in fancy type, 10c. Sample Book of 99 costly Styles for 1882 25c. 40 per cent paid to Ag'ts, or beautiful prizes given for clubs. Particulars with every order. CANTON PRINTING CO. Northford Conn.

READ THE FUTURE!

Diary Free for 1882, with Improved Interest Table, Calculator, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three-Cent Stamps. Address, CHARLES R. HIRES, 49 N. Del. Ave. Phila.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand.

Catalogue of works, with Phonographic alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.

EMPLOYMENT AT HOME or to Travel. State which preferred; also present Wages for Permanent and expenses. Business honorable, permanent, and easily operated. Write us. BLAGAN & CO., 306 George Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, Name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged the prettiest. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct

70 ALL NEW STYLE CHROMO Cards, the prettest designs, name on 10c. 60 Elegant new designs, the handsomest pack ever sold, 10c. or 25 Extra Large Chromos 10c. Gordon Printing Co. Northford Ct.

300 Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, neatly bound; 250 spicy Motto Verses and 25 Popular Songs, all for 15 cents, postpaid. PATTEN & WADE, 39 Barclay Street, N. Y.

AGENTS Can now grasp a fortune—$20 per day sure. $20 worth $20 free. RIDEOUT, & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, ten set reeds, only $65. PIANOS, $125 up. RARE HOLIDAY INDUCEMENTS ready. Write or call on Beatty, Washington N J

40 Extra Large New Chromo Cards, no two alike, prettiest pack sold 10c. or 20 French Chromos with name, 10 cts. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass & Rolls, in Case, name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. THEO. J. HARRACH, 30 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

75 Lovely FRENCH CHROMO Cards with name on 10c. Chas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 2c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

It Pays to sell our Rubber Printing stamps; samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co. Cleveland, O.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

LACE is more worn than ever to trim all kinds of dresses, whether they be for mourning or for evening wear.

House wrappers and ball dresses are equally richly trimmed with that delicate webbing. I may say that they are almost entirely covered with lace.

Thin lace is employed for evening dresses and thick guipure for house wrappers, whether made of flannel or of plush. Old lace may be restored to use by re-appliqueing it on new silk net, and sometimes white lace is appliqued on black net, which is very pretty on black or dark-colored dresses.

Bands of lace form aprons in fronts of dresses, or edged round polonaises and paniers, and then form puffs at the back.

Lace is also imitated in silk embroidery, and is used to trim dresses instead of lace. It is not so expensive as good lace, and yet is not imitation lace; and for this it is preferred by ladies who cannot procure real lace, and who will not wear imitation lace. The collar and cuffs of a velvet dress, will be formed of this embroidery, and the body and apron, or tunic, will be edged with it. The embroidery is also frequently of the same color as the dress, but of a very much lighter shade, giving the appearance of white lace being seen under a transparency of the same color as the dress.

Another fashionable trimming, which ladies may make themselves, are flowers cut out of plush, velvet, cloth, &c., which are stitched to long bands of satin, or any other material, and are edged round with gold thread.

Old brocades may thus be again converted into use by cutting out the flowers and forming them into trimmings, which may be tacked on several dresses in succession. They may, consequently, be sewn on net, which is lighter than satin, and not so expensive—unless you happen to have any old satin.

Dinner and evening dresses are extremely elegant this winter, and more low-neck dresses are worn than in former years. A very favorite evening dress for young ladies whether married or single, is composed of a lace skirt and a red velvet Jersey body, or short coat, with or without panier, on the hips.

I need not tell you that the white lace skirt may be substituted by a white skirt of any other material, or even by a black lace, satin, velvet, or barege skirt. But white lace is the most dressy of all.

Skirts are still made very tight in front, but they are full at the back, and a puffing of some kind is worn over the hips.

With long pointed bodies these puffs do not look ugly, and they make the waist look smaller. They must be gathered into the waist, and be made to follow the edge of the point, like in old-fashioned dresses.

Polonaises are also looped up so as to form puffs on the hips. At the back there is an immense bow and ends, formed of the entire width of the material, whatever the dress may be.

This bow drapery is added to the back of every dress without exception.

Long tight cuffs, of plush or velvet, with a slightly full sleeve above it of some woolen material, are seen on cloth and camel's-hair dresses.

The front of the bodice and basque is then trimmed with a long pointed stomacher of the plush. Most of the bodices are single-breasted, though there is an effort to restore the diagonal fronts lapping far on the left side at the neck, then sloping away to the right side.

Two points finish the fronts of some basques, while others have one sharp point, and rows of lace or striped plush fill in the sides smoothly, or else there is a folded panier effect given by some soft fabric.

Some lower skirts are formed of alternate straight half-breadths of moire and satin, laid in fine plaits from the waist to the foot, broken twice by bands of gatherings between the waist and the knees, while the part below falls into a loose pleated flounce to the foot of the foundation skirt, which is edged with narrow balayeuse pleating. With such a skirt all that is needed is a basque-bodice of moire or satin, with a scarf of the two materials combined, sewed on the front as paniers and tied behind in a great bow with ends that face to the edge of the skirt.

A narrow sash of moire, with spiked ends may be tied in a knot at the end of the basque front, where the paniers begin; a turned-down collar of moire, with the fulness gathered at the back, and a cuff of the same turned back upon the satin sleeve and held by a little square bow of satin ribbon. This is a simple and excellent model for a costume consisting of one color.

Trains for evening and short dresses for the street, that is the rule. Whether long or short, however, all are draped at the side, and have the bow-drapery at the back. Separate bodies and trains are made to be worn with separate dresses, which is very convenient for ladies who have not a great change of dress, as the train, taking the place of a polonaise, varies one costume into many.

Plisses, eternal plisses are falling into disuse. This is a pity, for there is no prettier trimming than a finely plaited flounce or frill.

But straight and cross-way flounces and frills are now the fashion.

Watered-silk is decidedly gaining ground. It is not yet worn in entire dresses however; it is worn as skirts only, or as trimmings. Velvet bodies are worn with watered silk skirts.

Satin is also worn with watered silk; and it is fashionable to wear both materials together, neither being worn solely by itself.

I have seen some very lovely dresses lately, which I must try and sketch for you. One is of white moire, the front of the dress is covered with satin ruches, each covered with a fringe of white pearls, the body and train edged round with a garland of roses.

Leaves, by the bye, are very pretty and fashionable for trimming ball-dresses, and on soft woolen materials are more becoming than flowers.

Another lovely dress is of black satin, covered with lace and jet fringe. The body is pointed, and has hip hoops, edged with fringe, and are tied into a large bow and ends at the bottom of the back point; and the ends of this bow being joined together from top to bottom, they formed the train. Around the shoulders is draped an Alsatian fichu of lace, fastened on one shoulder by a large rose and a jeweled arrow.

Striped satin and gauze dresses are much worn by young girls; and the bodies are made full at the shoulders and at the waist, whilst bows on the shoulders are revived on these youthful looking dresses.

Tall and slim ladies are favoring the Valois style. I have seen costumes in this style; one was of white brocade, covered with pearls, an exact copy of a dress seen on a portrait of Marguerite de Valois; the other dress was this same costume copied in blue.

Another dress of a different style is of red plush, with pointed body and puffs over the hips attached to the body, the whole embroidered with jet.

Then a pink satin dress, with the skirt and paniers, edged with roses, and a body covered with brilliant beads.

Ladies decidedly look like fairy princesses now at balls and theatres, with all the glittering beads and covering their bodies, sometimes skirts.

A most magnificent ball-dress is of white satin, covered with Honiton lace flounces, and a lemon-colored satin train, edged round with a garland of flowers and birds. In the centre of the body, a bird with outstretched wings, instead of traditional bouquet of flowers.

And under the dress, instead of a balayeuse, a row of large roses. This is the most eccentric dress I have yet seen. It is lovely but everyone could not wear it.

A dress which every one may wear, however, and which is also quite new and very stylish, is of a mouse-grey plush, with a frill of lace, under the hem of the polonaise, which is looped up very short over the hips. The sleeves are trimmed to match, and a Sultana chemisette of the same is worn under the open body in front. In contrast to the richness of evening dresses is the simplicity of walking dresses, which are of cloth, flannel, cheviot, and other course woolen materials. An entire suit of course woolen cloth is considered even more elegant than a velvet dress and fur pelisse for ordinary walking, the latter being reserved for visiting. Seal-skin pelisses, with hat and muff to match, are much patronized by French ladies this year.

Fireside Chat.

DISHES FOR "HIGH TEAS."

CHICKEN FRICASSEE.—Put a nice plump chicken, trussed as for boiling, into a saucepan, with a quart of hot water; bring it to a simmer, and keep simmering for three-quarters of an hour if a large chicken, and half an hour if small; skim it well. When cooked, take out the chicken on a dish, and leave it to get cold. Strain half a pint of the liquor through a piece of muslin, and put it in a saucepan. Boil a small piece of ham in it, or bacon bones, for half an hour. Take it off the fire remove the ham, and stir into the liquor the beaten yolks and cream together before adding them to the hot liquor. Season well with cayenne pepper, salt, nutmeg, the juice of half a lemon, and a teaspoonful of powdered loaf sugar. Return the saucepan to the fire, and stir the contents until it begins to thicken—it must not boil, else it will curdle; take it off the fire instantly, and pour it into a jug; stir it well for two or three minutes; cut up the cold chicken into joints and slices, pile high in the centre of a dish and gently pour the warm sauce over them. Let this become cold and firm, then garnish with bright green parsley, red beetroot, cut lemon, or aspic jelly.

Oyster Patties.—These may be served either hot or cold, and should be sent to table on a napkin. Line a dozen patty-pans with good puff paste rolled out thin, put a crust of bread in each, to support the lid, lay on the cover brush the top with beaten egg, and bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. When the pastry is baked, lift off the covers carefully, take out the piece of board, and fill the patties with the oyster mixture; lay the covers on again, and serve. The oyster mixture is prepared as follows: Open a dozen oysters carefully, so as to preserve their juice, cut them in small pieces beard them with a silver knife; put the beards and the juice from the oysters into a saucepan with a small strip of lemon rind, a tiny bit of mace, a dash of nutmeg, a pinch of cayenne, a pinch of salt, and ½oz. of butter; let this simmer eight minutes, strain the liquid, return it to the saucepan, and thicken it with a dessertspoonful of corn-flour mixed in two tablespoonsful of thick cream and a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice; then add the oysters, simmer all together for a minute, fill the patties, and serve. This mixture should be smooth, thick, and delicately flavored, and should not be put into the patties until they are baked. The large oysters will do for this purpose.

Oyster Pie.—Butter the inside of a shallow pie dish rather thickly, and the edges with good puff paste; open and beard two dozen fresh oysters; lay them in the dish with alternate slices of calve's sweetbread, previously boiled, and three tablespoonsful of grated breadcrumbs; season with salt and cayenne, and, if liked, with half a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Strain the oyster liquor, and mix with it an equal quantity of thick cream and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; pour this over the oysters and sweetbread; cover the pie with a lid of paste and bake half an hour. Good either hot or cold.

Croustade of Oysters.—Cut the crumb of a loaf of bread into slices two inches thick, and then, with a round paste cutter about two inches in diameter, cut out of each slice as many pieces as you can. With another paste cutter, about one and a half inches in diameter, make a mark on one side of each cylinder of bread crumb. When all are ready, fry them a golden color in very hot lard. A deep frying pan should be used, and plenty of lard, so that the croustades fairly swim in the fat. When done, lay them in front of the fire to drain, and afterwards remove the cover (marked with the smaller paste cutter) and with the handle of a teaspoon scoop out all the inside of each croustade. Then fill them with the following mixture: Parboil a quantity of oysters in their own liquor, remove the beards, cut each oyster into four or six pieces. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add to it a pinch of flour, the liquor of the oysters, a little cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg, the least bit of cayenne, and some finely minced parsley. Put in the oysters, and toss them in this sauce just long enough to make them quite hot. Stir into them, off the fire, the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of half a lemon, and strained. Fill some bread croustades, warm them in the oven, and serve.

Mayonnaise of Salmon.—Take a pound of cold boiled salmon and tear it into flakes with a silver fork. Make the sauce as follows: Beat the yolk of a raw egg until smooth and thick; add a saltspoonful of salt, one of pepper, and one of mustard; beat into the mixture, drop by drop, four tablespoonsful of best Lucca oil; between each tablespoonful of oil beat in a few drops of Tarragon vinegar and lemon juice, a tablespoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of lemon juice being right for the above quantity. When finished, the sauce should look like thick cream, and its success depends upon the good beating, which should occupy at least twenty minutes; and the vinegar, oil, and lemon juice must be added in very small quantities. Put a layer of salmon flakes in the centre of a small dish; pour some of the sauce over them; then add another layer of fish and sauce, moulding it in a pyramidal form; place slices of hard-boiled egg, and a trellis-work of red strips of boiled beetroot, round the base of the pyramid; sprinkle some chopped green parsley or capers on the top, and send to table. When lettuce can be obtained, it is a great improvement to this dish. If oil is disliked, this dressing may be used; rub the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, when perfectly cold, to a smooth powder; mix with them a tablespoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and a tablespoonful of white or Tarragon vinegar added last, drop by drop; beat the mixture for ten minutes, and then use like the mayonnaise sauce.

Cheese Soufflé.—Pour half a teacupful of boiling milk, in which ½oz., of butter has been dissolved, over 2oz. of breadcrumbs, and let it stand until cold. Add 2oz. of grated cheese, a pinch of salt, a little cayenne, and a mustardspoonful of made mustard. Mix all this well and lightly together with a fork, beat two eggs to a froth, and stir into the mixture, put it quickly into a small buttered pie dish, and place it in a very hot oven directly it is mixed. Bake for twenty minutes, and send to table at once, or it will fall. This makes a very nice supper dish.

WHEN we make little sacrifices we like to have them appreciated, at least.

Correspondence.

EICKEL, (Henry, Ala.)—No, but at present we have more than we need.

PAUL CLIFFORD, (Clarke, Ala.)—4to means a quarter of a sheet; 8vo., an eighth; 12m., a twelfth; and so on.

LININA, (Oswego, N. Y.)—More experience will undoubtedly enable you to overcome your diffidence in company. 2. Your handwriting is very good.

S. F., (Madison, Ind.)—If a gentleman asks a lady to correspond with him, and obtains permission, the gentleman should, of course, write first. If he delays to do so, "cut him."

S. T., (Evansville, Ind.)—The meaning of the phrase "Building castles in Spain" is the same as "Building castles in the air." When one entertains groundless and visionary projects, he is said to build castles in the air, or castles in Spain.

MRS., (Crawford, Pa.)—The way learned men pronounce Cleopatra is this: they pronounce "Cleo" in two syllable like "Leo," and "patra," as it is spelled, with the accent on the "a," not on the "e" as is sometimes done. The "a" is long.

T. L., (Somerset, Pa.)—Your handwriting is easily read, which will tell greatly in its favor; but beautiful it is not. Many of your letters are not half formed, and in not a few places disjointed. With care you might become a fine writer, in every sense of the term.

B. L., (Essex, Mass.)—Not at all. You should wait on her all the more assiduously; and when she assures you again that she cares for you, accept the assurance, and do not cross-question her until she answers "No." We think she has given you sufficient encouragement.

ANNE, (Miami, Ind.)—Joan of Arc actually engaged in battle, leading her troops with admirable bravery, and exhibiting dauntless courage. She never shed any blood herself personally, and was exceedingly humane in disposition, but her patriotic fervor impelled her to drive the enemies of France forever from her native soil at any cost.

ANXIOUS, (Curryville, Mo.)—They can play simple tunes with it without any previous knowledge of music. Its chief value, however, is while teaching tunes to accustom the fingers to practice and the ear to sound. The zither is an accredited musical instrument. It is easy to run simple melodies upon it, but to play it as it should be played is very trying and difficult. So far as trouble and results are concerned we would prefer any instrument to the zither.

MISS MARY, (Jones, Tex.)—Suppose we answer your question by putting another. Suppose, then, a certain young man were partial to you, and the young lady to whom you refer, and in whom you trusted, should seek to win his particular regards, what would you think of her conduct? By making up your mind clearly on that point, you will be able to come to at least a tolerably fair judgment of what should be thought of precisely similar conduct on your own part.

MADGE, (Lincoln, Tenn.)—You cannot respect any one in whose truth you do not believe. Any lover who is vexed and unreasonable with you now, would, all too probably, be savage to a wife. We advise you to keep the gentleman on probation until both causes of complaint are removed, if that can be; and if the contradictions are not explained, and the bad temper corrected, we advise you to prefer the brief sharp pang of parting to the permanent misery of a union.

HISTORICUS, (Baltimore, Md.)—The Erl-King is a name applied to a personified power or elementary spirit, which, according to German poetical authorities, prepares mischief and ruin for mortals, and especially for children, through the most delusive allurements. It is represented to appear as a goblin, haunting the Black Forest in Thuringia. It was introduced into German poetry from the ancient Scandinavian literature, and has become widely known through Goethe's ballad of the "Erl-Konig," or Erl-King.

BRUISED, (Columbus, N. C.)—We sympathize with you most deeply, yet we cannot agree with you regarding the misfortune you speak of as the curse of your life. From the tone of your letter, we are inclined to say that it may prove the contrary. You seem to be too vain of your pretty face, and to be too sensitive on the other matter. In your own acquaintance you must know many young ladies much worse off than you are—young ladies who are not only unfortunate in the same particular as yourself, but who are ugly, positively ugly, as well.

ANNIE M., (Edmonson, Ky.)—The old saying "Eat till you're cold, and you'll live till you're old," is philosophically true; a flushed, hot skin during digestion being an unhealthy sign. Prof. Foster, in his lecture on the nutrition of animals, delivered at the Royal Institution in London, commented on this fact, saying that while digestion is proceeding, there is an enormous flow of blood to the organs which supply the requisite fluids, while the rest of the body is nearly bloodless, and should be at rest. It would appear from this that the exercise immediately after a hearty meal is deleterious, and ought to be avoided.

JAMES, (Haywood, N. C.)—We cannot undertake to decide between you and your friend as to whether a vegetable or an animal diet is the more to be preferred. It is no doubt quite true, however, that the vegetable eater pure and simple can extract from his food all the principles necessary for the growth and support of the body, as well as for the production of heat and force, provided that he selects vegetables which contain all the essential elements named. But he must for this purpose consume the best cereals—wheat or oats, or the legumes—beans, peas, or lentils; or he must swallow or digest a large weight of vegetable matter of less nutritive value, and therefore at least containing one element in large excess, in order to obtain all the elements he needs.

RICHARDS, (Bremer, Iowa,)—You ask us to explain why gloomy weather almost always produces dispiriting thoughts. The mind, you must be aware, is not only a motive, but a receptive organ, and all the impressions it receives from without reach it through the media of senses which are dependent on the conditions of light and atmosphere for their action, and therefore immediately influenced by the surrounding conditions. It is a common-sense inference that if the impressions from without reach the mind through imperfectly acting organs of sense, and those impressions are in themselves set in a minor esthetic key of color sound, and general qualities, the mind must be what is called "moody." This susceptibility to outside influence varies with different people—hence the wide diversity of temperaments.